

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Up To Gromyko

HARD on presentation of the Anglo-French disarmament plan comes American proposals for study by the UN Disarmament Subcommittee. Considerable emphasis has been given by the international news agencies to Mr. Stassen's invitation to Russia to agree to an immediate reduction of American and Soviet military manpower to a level of two and a half million each; but American official opinion is credited with placing much more importance on the need for a reduction in armaments and military expenditure and to this extent the proposals complement those put forward by Britain and France.

The suggested levelling off of US and Russian forces is, presumably, that part of the American disarmament plan labelled by spokesmen as the "do it now" proposal. Manifestly it is designed to establish a degree of goodwill in the current London discussions; Soviet agreement with the proposition would certainly stimulate hopes for a further reconciliation of East-West viewpoints concerning an acceptable solution of the disarmament problem, and because of this the importance of the American offer need not be too heavily discounted.

Less information has so far been made public regarding any new American ideas on the reduction of armaments and the cutting of military expenditures, and only a general outline has to date been given about the US proposal to set up mutual disarmament practice areas as pilot zones for experimenting with disarmament controls. Mr. Gromyko, however, has the full data in his possession and has plenty of material over which to ponder.

One striking aspect of the current disarmament talks is that Russia has not yet given any indication of having herself prepared any new or revised plan. The initiative in this direction has been fully assumed by the Western powers, and because they have produced positive and feasible proposals, the Soviet delegate finds himself willy-nilly on the defensive. Unable to counter with anything more practicable and acceptable, Russia may decide to wreck the London discussions by deliberate evasion of the pertinent issues.

HONGKONG PASSPORT RACKET

Citizenship "Brokerage Shops" Operating In Colony

STATE DEPT'S DISCLOSURES

Washington, Mar. 23.

The State Department today disclosed details of a vast passport racket, operated by "brokers" in Hongkong, which was pouring thousands of Chinese — including possible Communist agents — into the United States.

The details were given by two high State Department officials when they asked a House appropriations committee for additional funds to reinforce the Hongkong Consulate-General with a further 16 investigators.

The committee today published a report of the testimony given by the two officials, Mr. Walter Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State, for the Far East, and Mr. Loy Henderson, deputy Under-Secretary of State for administration.



MR. DRUMRIGHT

Strike Over

London, Mar. 23.

The strike of British printers that has paralysed the publication of weekly reviews and magazines for two months, ended tonight.

The printers' union, in a communique issued in London tonight, said the employers had decided to reopen their premises next Tuesday, after an eight-week lock-out. The employers resorted to a lock-out after the printers had staged a long "work-to-rule" strike and refused to work overtime. Eight thousand printers were affected and no weekly reviews were printed in Britain. Several reviews were printed abroad or appeared in ropeo-typed editions during the last part of the strike. —France-Press.

MINE TRAGEDY

Bangalore, Mar. 23.

Three miners were killed and three injured by a rock fall in a goldfield, it was reported here today. —Reuters.

The report said the racket involved the sale of United States citizenship documents to alien Chinese by the Hongkong "brokers" on the instalment plan—\$500 (about £180) down and \$2,500 (£900) payable upon arrival in the United States.

Both Mr. Robertson and Mr. Henderson described the racket as dangerous to national security as it allowed Communist agents to bring pressure on Chinese now illegally in this country.

The Hongkong Consul-General, Mr. Everett Drumright, told the committee that under present conditions, adequate security precautions could hardly be taken to exclude Communist agents entering the United States on the forged documents.

80% ARE FRAUDS

Mr. Drumright estimated that over the past five years, at least 30 per cent of the applicants for admission to the United States "are not the persons they claim to be." He said over 80 per cent "based their claims on some kind of fraud."

His report also said that because of the "fantastic system" of passport and visa fraud the Chinese population in the United States shot up from 77,000 in 1940 to more than 117,000 in 1950—the greatest increase of any decade since the 1880's.

At least 124 citizenship "brokerage shops" were operating in Hongkong last December. These shops listed false identities created in United States records for persons wishing to gain entry here.

The racket had overcome every obstacle thrown in its path, even to matching blood types of applicants with their alleged parents, Mr. Drumright said. —Reuters.

Crew Rescued

London, Mar. 23.

A Scottish lifeboat took off 24 members of the crew of the Soviet freighter Krymlov that ran aground on a sandbank off Aberdeen last Sunday. The captain and nine men remained on board. The vessel is in no immediate danger and steps are to be taken to unload the 300 tons of flax cargo on board the 11,549-ton Krymlov. —France-Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:
P. 5: The prophesies from No. 10 Downing Street: a world's strangest story, by Peter Forester.
P. 6: The vengeance of Private Pooley, part II by Cyril Jolly.
P. 7: Don Cockell tells George Whitting about the greatest day in his life; Thomas Wiseman meets Marilyn Monroe.
P. 8: Robert Pitman begins a new series: "Into the twilight world."
P. 13: Les Armour writes on King Hussein's big gamble.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.
P. 19: Stan Kenton, master of progressive jazz, explains his "firing squad" in Ken Allsop's record review.

Manhunt For Prisoners

Casablanca, Mar. 23.

An international manhunt was underway today in four great ports—Lisbon, Casablanca, Algiers and Lyauze—for the criminals responsible for the poison alcohol deaths of nine seamen, eight of them Norwegian and one Swedish.

The police have established that eight had died after drinking methyl alcohol (wood alcohol) sold to them as cheap liquor on the Casablanca waterfront where their ship had anchored.

The police interrogated 300 persons yesterday afternoon after setting out a drag-net on the Casablanca docks for the sellers of the poisoned alcohol. Most were released, but several are still detained for further inquiry.

One of the sailors, who recovered, said the alcohol was described to him as Cognac. In reality, it turned out to be methylated spirit used in alcohol stoves and sold commonly for about 80 francs a litre. It contained some caramelized sugar for colouring. —France-Press.

ANCESTRAL SPIRITS' TERRIBLE VENGEANCE

Brazzaville, Mar. 23.

Ancestral spirits have wreaked a terrible vengeance on the friends and relatives of an African chieftain, who died at Bokouele in the middle Congo territory a few days ago, according to the superstitious inhabitants of this region.

Father Gassongo, a missionary at Bokouele, who reached Brazzaville today, said a terrible storm had raged since the chieftain's death and the hut in which nine women were keeping a vigil over the corpse was struck by lightning.

THERON DYNAMITED HERSELF FREE

London, Mar. 23.

Leaders of the Commonwealth trans-Antarctic expedition today described how they used dynamite to free the tiny sealer from a Polar ice trap which held her captive for 34 days.

The 840-ton vessel was streaked with rust when she steamed up the River Thames at the end of the 19,000-mile voyage to the South Polar Sea where members of the expedition set up an advance base in Aheel Bay.

Dr Vivian Fuchs, leader of the party, told today how a naval helicopter finally guided the Theron through to "blow herself out" of ice floes to open seas—the Theron used dynamite.

Dr Fuchs told a press conference after landing that 90 per cent of the frozen Antarctic—the size of Europe and Australia—was covered by deep ice over rock.

"I don't think we should regard the continent as a source of minerals," he declared, "except perhaps the coastal regions and off-shore islands."

Thousands of people lined Tower Bridge over the River Thames as the tiny vessel arrived in bright sunshine.

NEW MOUNTAINS

At a cockade conference today Dr Fuchs told of an undiscovered range of mountains at least 4,000 feet high, stretching 100 miles inland from Vahsel Bay, first spotted from the expedition's Auster aircraft.

Recruitment Of HK Doctors Protest

Kuala Lumpur, Mar. 23.

The United Malays National Organisation's lower Perak division has protested against the Malayan government's move to recruit Hongkong doctors with Chinese university degrees.

A resolution passed at an extraordinary general meeting today said that the Hongkong doctors would lessen the opportunities for local doctors and might also indoctrinate the country with Communist ideas. —Reuters.

Malenkov And Serov In Hot Water

London, Mar. 23.

Two Russian visitors to Britain found themselves in hot water tonight — one because he is dilligled on principle and the other because he insulted the country's boilermakers.

Ever since he arrived here yesterday, General Ivan Serov, the Russian security chief, has been subject to press abuse which shows no signs of moderating.

A pavement interview with reporters won him no respite from the title "Ivan the Terrible."

Among the places Mr. Malenkov visited today was the Metropolitan Vickers works at Manchester, which employs 23,000 people. At the end of the day he joked with reporters who have been accompanying him, "but appeared tired and cancelled a dinner engagement. He told the reporters that he might give them a press conference at a later date. —Reuters.

Mr. Malenkov, Soviet Minister of Power Stations who has been touring Britain, continued to win cheers of "Good old Mally" as he made the rounds of mid-England factories.

REPRIMANDED

But he was reprimanded sharply by the head of the Boilermakers' Association. Yesterday, while visiting a Derbyshire power plant, Mr. Malenkov said that it took Britain 18 months to build a boiler that would have been erected in Russia in four months.

"I want to say that there are no finer workmen in this world than the British boilermaker," thundered Mr. K. J. McKillop, Association Director. "Given all necessary labour, we in Britain can erect boiler plant certainly quite as quickly as anyone else."

He said that if the Russians built more quickly it was because they used more shifts. In Britain at an average boiler erection site it was usual to work one eight-hour shift a day.

King Hussein Reinstates Officers

From Sefton Delmer

Amman, Mar. 23.

King Hussein has ordered that the two British Arab Legion officers declared redundant without his knowledge are to be reinstated.

He has insisted that Major Jack Sykes, technical expert in charge of the maintenance of Jordan's armour is essential to the Army.

The other officer, Captain Ken Jones, in charge of transport workshops, is also to remain as a result of the King's intervention. Negotiations are still going on between the British Ambassador and the Jordan Premier concerning retention of the military adviser group of British officers for the Legion. —London Express Service.

Angry Rangoon Students Demonstrate

Rangoon, Mar. 23.

For the second day running Rangoon students staged anti-government demonstrations today.

A huge crowd of students massed for the funeral of one of their comrades who died this morning from a gun shot wound received when the police opened fire on rioting students yesterday.

As they accompanied the funeral cortege to the burial ground, the students showed signs such as "The government is the killer of young students" and "Do not vote for a murdering government" (General elections are due at the end of April).

At every road crossing along the three-mile route, students were posted on trucks, equipped with loud speakers. Haranguing passersby, the demonstrators claimed that two more students were killed by the police yesterday but that their bodies could not be found.

The appeal to the public "not to return this government to power."

POLICE HOLD BACK

The police kept in the background as in view of the temper of the students, the authorities were anxious to avoid another clash like that of yesterday. One policeman on a motorcycle who cut across the procession narrowly, escaped being manhandled by the demonstrators. He was saved through the intervention of citizens who were watching the funeral.

Yesterday's riots were touched off when the government ordered the suspension of school examinations, following a leakage of examination questions.

ARRESTED

U Thung, editor of the newspaper Samakhit which published some of the examination questions yesterday, was today arrested under the official secrets act.

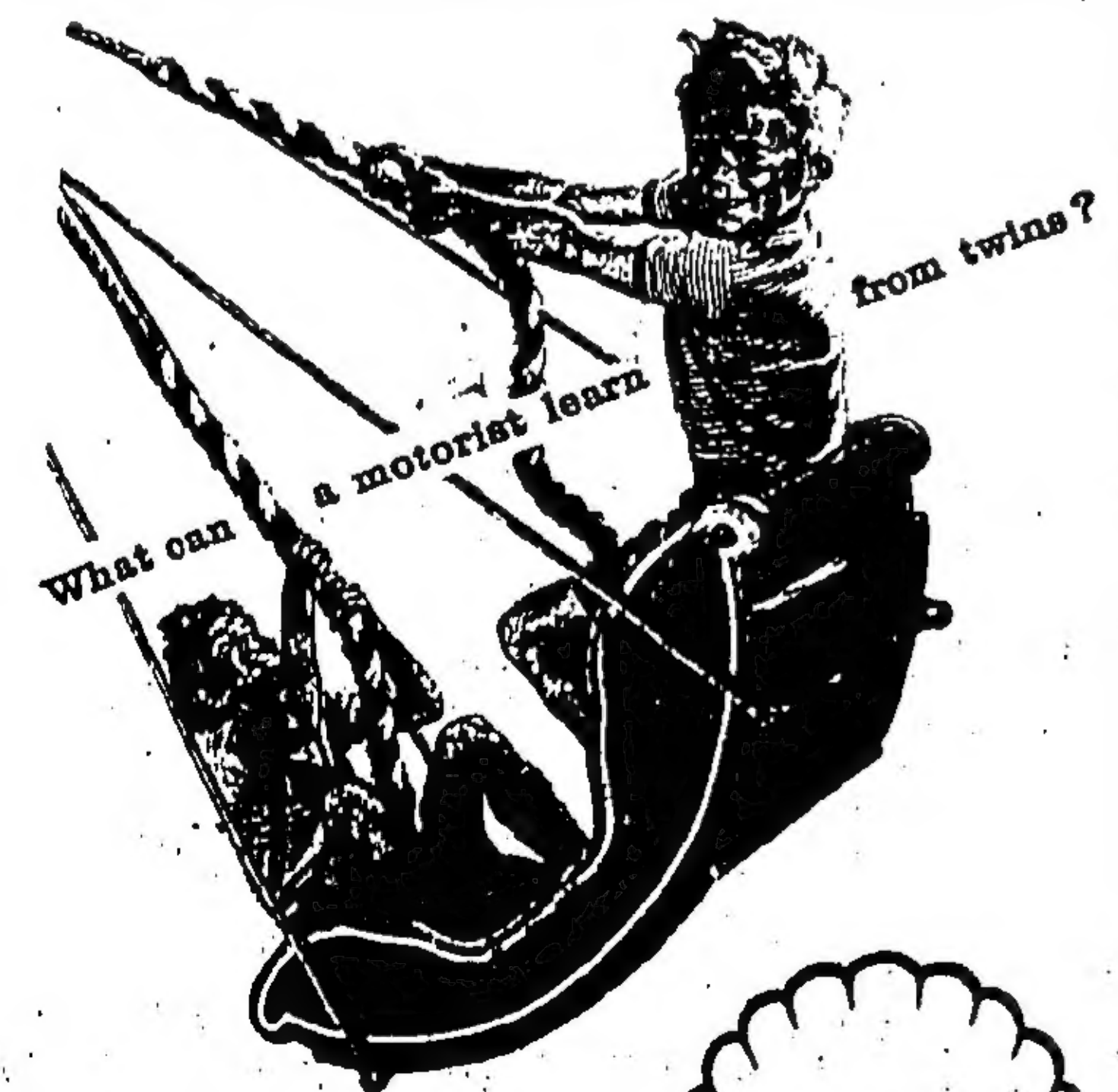
Before his arrest, U Thung had announced that as an "atonement" for yesterday's clash between the police and students he would suspend the publication of his newspaper until further notice.

The questions published yesterday were: "A patient has a fever of 40 degrees centigrade. Convert into Fahrenheit." "An egg will sink in water but float in salt water. Explain why." —France-Press.

31 KILLED IN STAMPEDE

Karachi, Mar. 23.

Thirty-one people were killed and 50 injured when a crowd celebrating Pakistan Republic Day stampeded on a railway bridge at Rawalpindi tonight. —Reuters.



It can learn that in a gasoline, two things are better than one. High octane is good, but high octane with I.C.A. is far better.

only Shell has both

it's the most powerful gasoline you can buy



high octane



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PRODUCE OF SPAIN
CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO. LTD.

KING'S PRINCESS

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY



PRINCESS

A Unique Double-Feature Entertainment Specially for the kids, presented by Universal-International "WOODY WOODPECKERS" Cartoons & Lots of Laughs from the Craziest Spike Jones team in "FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!" Be sure to bring the children

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S

20th Century-Fox present a new programme of **TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

COMMENCING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Paramount Colour Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: Universal Colour Cartoons

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd Big Week + Now Showing The 9th Day!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE LAUGHING H-BOMB!



ADDED ATTRACTION: Latest 20th Century-Fox Newsreel.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF THREE STOOGES COMEDY & COLOR CARTOONS

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
TOM & JERRY COLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME Presented by M-G-M

— Reduced Admission —
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 cts.

FILMS

BRANDO and MAGNANI

Two Oscar Winners In The News

Very much in the news at the moment are two Oscar winners — one a fiery Italian actress, and the other an American who has also made the headlines as much for his private life as for his screen triumphs.

The two personalities are Anna Magnani and Marlon Brando. His award was for his part in "On the Waterfront" and hers, just announced, is for her earthy role as Serafina in "The Rose Tattoo".

It is a pity that "On the Waterfront" was never shown here, as it would be interesting to compare the two pictures ("The Rose Tattoo" will probably be shown next month at the King's and Princess theatres).

The themes are widely different — the banned picture dealt with waterside gangs in New York, whereas the Magnani vehicle is basically a love story.

However, both have tried to project the feelings and consequent actions of people as they are, no matter how sordid, self-interested or twisted they may be. Let's hope these two films will have established a fashion.

Although we have been denied the pleasure of seeing the Academy Award picture "On the Waterfront", we will have an opportunity of seeing Marlon Brando in a new picture very soon. "Guys and Dolls" will be shown here at the Hoover and Liberty cinemas in early April and I can recommend it wholeheartedly.



Marlon Brando in "Guys and Dolls".



Anna Magnani in "The Rose Tattoo".

"The Blue Continent" was reviewed last week and the pictures showing at the remaining two first run cinemas are both re-issues. "The Sign of the Cross" was made by Cecil B. de Mille some years ago and I regret that I did not see it when Claudette Colbert, Charles Laughton, Frederic March and Elissa Landi were first beginning to find fame. Don't be too fooled by the information that this is a modernised production of "The Sign of the Cross". It means that there is a modern end-in. Flying over Rome during the war are discussing the history of the city and of how it has been burned before and rebuilt — from there the audience is taken back to the earlier picture.

Funny For Some

I preferred the over-made-up Rita Moreno to Sherree North in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts", for acting, looks, allure (in spite of the heavy hand of the make-up man) and for comedy too.

The much publicised Sherree looks a nice enough girl, which is what she is meant to be in this picture, but oh dear, her acting is far below that of the blonde bombshell — she was imported to replace when Marilyn Monroe became "difficult".

It's true she hasn't much to do in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts", but at least as a "W.A.C. Lieutenant" (in the Security Branch, no less) she should have exhibited a little more sense than she did.

The glue holding this flimsily constructed film together should have been witty dialogue and amusing situations. For me, I'm afraid, the glue wasn't strong enough and the structure came unstuck.

The plot follows the machinations of an ex-magician in the American Air Force to get his wife out of the service. She has re-converted to be near him, assuming that he will automatically be accepted following the receipt of his

orders to report for a physical examination, but he is rejected and she is posted to Hawaii.

Rick Jason plays a wolf in rather half-hearted fashion, dancing cheek to cheek with Sherree North in a manner supposed to be calculated to make her husband jealous. I wish Tom Ewell were a little more presentable — my sympathies with Rick Jason. Incidentally, how clever of 20th Century Fox to have used the theme tune from "Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing" and "Something's Gotta

Give" from "Daddy Long Legs" (like "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts", both Fox pictures) in the dancing sequence.

Caribbean Colour

"Flame of the Islands" could easily be mistaken for the spearhead of a "Come to the Bahamas" campaign.

The gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed in Technicolor, the apparently easy life there, the fishing, sailing and party-going, all contribute to

the general air of luxury in a beautiful setting.

The story of the picture is a little involved and confused. Yvonne de Carlo is the person chiefly implicated. Here is a sort of Cinderella story, except that having glimpsed the prince and the wedding ring, her fortune starts to fall again and she finishes with a very different type of man.

She is a New York secretary when we first meet her — working with a slick-talking young executive of an enterprise that calls itself "United Public Relations". The boss manifestly takes more interest in his pretty colleague, but we gather that she has a "past" that has had the effect of making her somewhat allergic to men.

This being the case, it is rather surprising that, after coming by \$100,000 in very odd circumstances, she decides to invest most of it in a luxurious private club being opened in the Bahamas by a shady character played by Kurt Kasznar — surprising as part of the bargain is that she takes on the job of hostess and singer at the club, necessitating close contact with the male customers.

Dubious Club

The club is a cover for all sorts of intrigue, though we are supposed to believe that Miss de Carlo has nothing to do with it or with her oily partner.

As the "prince" who re-enters the life of Yvonne de Carlo and sweeps her into the society set, Howard Duff is rather dull. The big burly gambler turned preacher, played by Kurt Kasznar, is not much more thrilling. Of all the men in her life I think our heroine would have done best to have taken the young business executive, however — I mustn't divulge the ending.

Yvonne de Carlo looks very lovely and in spite of the banality of the dialogue this picture is saved from being dull by the throbbing cello rhythms used as "background" music, some excellent shots of fishing in the waters of the Caribbean and the lovely photography.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "Undercurrent". A romantic drama — second showing. Robert Taylor and Katharine Hepburn.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Sign of the Cross". Nero, Poppaea and a cast of thousands in the forerunner of modern spectacle films. Frederic March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert and Charles Laughton.

NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "Flame of the Islands". A girl with a past discovers that even in the blue Bahamas she can't leave it behind. Yvonne de Carlo, Zachary Scott and Howard Duff.

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "The Blue Continent". A fascinating documentary filmed almost entirely beneath the waters of the Red Sea.

ROXY AND BROADWAY: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts". Wife goes back into the Army and husband has a hard time trying to be near her. Tom Ewell and Sherree North.

COMING

HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "Kismet". A musical extravaganza with Borden's music added. Howard Keel, Dolores Gray, Vic Darnley and Ann Blyth.

NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "The Indian Fighter". Kirk Douglas, Rita Martinelli and Walter Abel.

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Rebel Without a Cause". Teenagers drifting into crime for the thrill it will bring them. James Dean, Natalie Wood and Anne Doran.

ROXY AND BROADWAY: "The Bottom of the Bottle". Brothers dislike the theme, with weakness of will on one side and pride and originality on the other. Joseph Cotten, Van Johnson and Katharine.

"Odds On". The setting is Africa, the prize is gold and the story is as old as the hills. This is a French picture dubbed into English. Pierre Brasseur is the male lead.

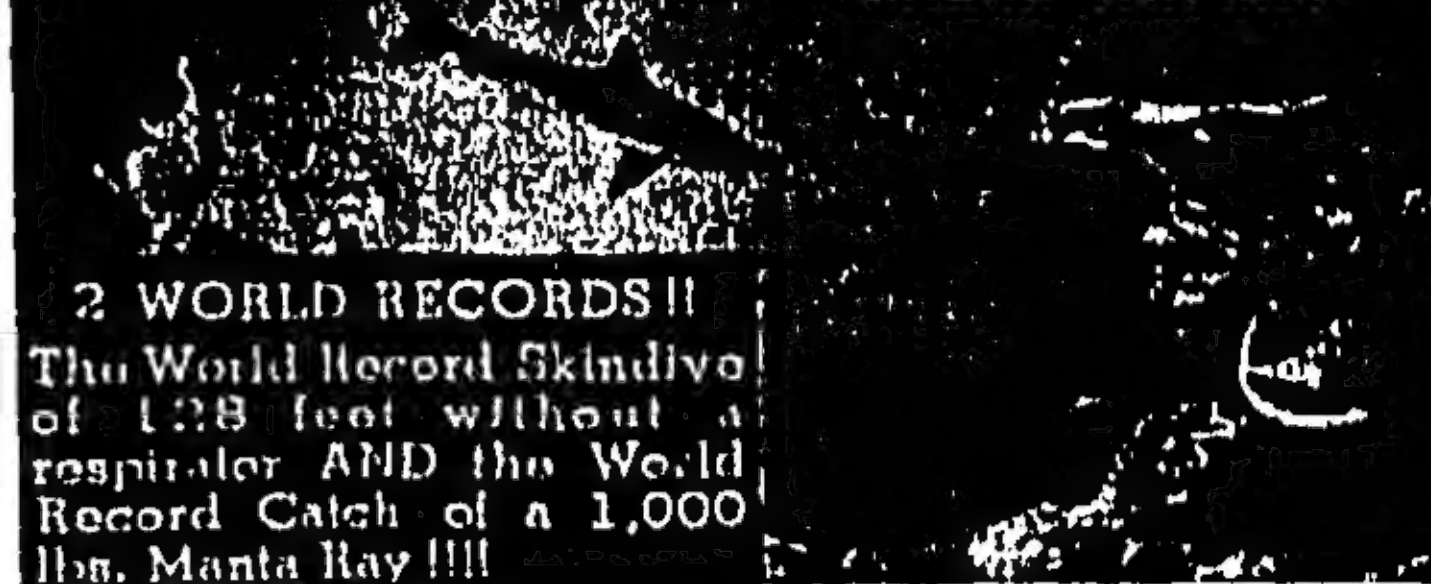
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

"The Underwater 'LIVING DESERT'" — China Mail.

"THE BLUE CONTINENT"

In Technicolor
10,000 HOURS HUNTING UNDER THE SEA



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"THE BLUE CONTINENT"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

HOOPER LIBERTY

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OPENS TO-DAY

2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

Hoover at 12.00
"GREEN FIRE"
Stewart Granger
Grace Kelly

Liberty at 12.30
"THE GREAT WALTZ"
Louise Rainer
Fernand Gravet

LEE Theatre

TO-NIGHT AT 8.00 P.M.

CHUNG YEE DRAMA GROUP presents

"TEN THOUSAND INGOTS OF GOLD"

(兩萬金黃)
A Mandarin Play in 3 Acts
Admissions \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4.70 & \$7.50

THE CHORAL GROUP A CONCERT

Due to unforeseen circumstances the CONCERT WILL BE POSTPONED TO NEXT SATURDAY 31st March, 1956 at 2.30 p.m.

at Lee Theatre

Tickets issued on 24th March Performance WILL BE VALID for 31st March, 1956 at 2.30 p.m.

KIRK DOUGLAS Character Role Contest

Kirk Douglas has had a distinguished and varied career as an actor. Name the picture in which Douglas played the role and win your prizes.

1. Fighter
2. Detective
3. Director
4. Juggler
5. Lover
6. Soldier
7. Sailor

For Example
8. Indian Scout "THE INDIAN FIGHTER"

Send your entries to the manager of the New York Theatre as early as possible.

The First Ten entries received with correct answers each will win 4 Complimentary Tickets.

The Second Ten entries received with correct answers each will win 2 Complimentary Tickets.

Date of announcement of winners — Tuesday, 3rd April, 1956.

WATCH FOR OPENING!

THE MAN WHO OPENED THE WEST!
KIRK DOUGLAS
"THE INDIAN FIGHTER"

Interesting News Stories from All Parts of The World

What Two English Girls Think Of America & Americans

Milwaukee, Wis. Two footloose English girls said recently they were going home with good jobs and happy memories of "gulleless" Texans and "romantic" American men.

The London girls, Doreen Jacobs, 20, and Norma Clay, 23, came to the United States without jobs last June. Since then they have had a wonderful time roaming through 14 American cities and they plan to visit six more before they go home.

Back in London, they will have jobs as managers of the American firm, Manpower, Inc., for which they now work. But they fear it will be "very dull."

They liked San Francisco, "a city to live in," and Las Vegas, New York, the Grand Canyon and Texas.

Enormous Texans

"Texans are so enormous," Doreen exclaimed. "And gulleless. They'd no more dream of telling you a fib than lying in the air."

They have "snaps" of two Texans they met. "See how good they are. I mean authentic," Norma said, pointing to their hats and boots.

The girls lost \$3.35 in 10 days at Las Vegas. "I lost it all in one fell swoop," Doreen said, with an air of one who won't be believed, confessed that "we saw one man lose \$1,000 in three throws of the dice. And he was so unperturbed."

Manpower, Inc., which provides temporary workers to short-handed employers, found the girls' jobs across the nation. The girls have worked for architects, at a rodeo, for an orchestra, and in a hospital. They worked until they saved enough money to move on, generally two weeks.

Romantic Americans

Contrary to popular belief, the girls consider American males much less forward than Englishmen who are "ligger wolves."

"Americans are unrealistic about women—more romantic," Norma said.

"I think all women like romance better than realism," Doreen said. "In England, we have the French on one side of us—so earthy. It's nobody's business. And on the other side we have the Americans—so romantic."

They loved the United States because "it's a young person's country," Doreen said. But they found fault with racial segregation, and Chicago.

Segregation is "appalling," they said. "We thought reports were exaggerated, but they were accurate."

They both described Chicago as "dull and dirty." —United Press.

'Broomstick Riding Witch' Stoned To Death

An unrepentant Mexican peasant told police he helped stone his 73-year-old mother to death "because she was a witch who rode around on a broomstick on rainy nights."

Juan Cesario Leocadia denied he and his companions had committed a crime and said they had acted "to save humanity from the spells she cast."

Juan's accomplices in the murder, Jeronimo Ortiz and Aurelio Benito, described Senora Maria Nicolasa Leocadia as a "well-known witch" who put spells on now-born children. "Many of them died without ever opening their eyes," the trio told investigators. "We committed no crime. We simply tried to save humanity from her black magic."

Police said the three men admitted taking the woman to an isolated hill where they stoned her to death, then buried her. —United Press.

From London: Philip Harben, the BBC's TV chef has gone to America to demonstrate the delights of English cooking.

From Istanbul: He survived on two cups of tea—for 20 years.

From Nice: A thief is doing the rounds of the well-stocked larders in the French Riviera.

From Moscow: Scientists are talking about flights to the moon in four years' time.

WHO IS THE GOURMET THIEF?

French police are searching for an acrobatic burglar with a Nice taste in food and liquor.

His favourite haunts are Scotch and vodka, and the tidbits from wealthy larders.

Early this month King Peter of Yugoslavia returned to his villa outside Cannes to find his stocks of caviar, Scotch and vodka stolen. Nothing else in the villa had been touched.

Similar thefts have been reported from all parts of the Riviera in the last few months.

Most during theft was carried out on the villa of French film star, Viviane Romance. The star's mother found the burglar ending calmly in the kitchen with the pick of the larder laid out in front of him.

Pausing only for a last mouthful he jumped out of the window and escaped. Again nothing but food was stolen.

15 In A Week

Fifteen food and drink robberies were reported in the Grasse and Venice areas in one week.

All of them were on high-class groceries, wine merchants or delicatessens.

Police have built up the following picture of the thief: "Aged about 30-35 years, fair hair, slim—could be former acrobat. Hallmark, a liking for choice foods and alcoholic liquor."

Police believe that in at least one robbery he had accomplices.

For when they investigated the theft of King Peter's liquor stocks they found two empty bottles. —United Press.

PHILIP HARBEN OFF TO AMERICA TV CHEF WILL SHOW THEM THE DELIGHTS OF ENGLISH COOKING

Philip Harben, Britain's television chef, has gone to America to demonstrate to native British delicacies they are missing.

The British are blunt and naïve they apply to food are apt to be equally stark. For example, "tong-in-the-hole." Not for them the elegant French descriptions which roll off the tongue and delight the palate.

Ah, But The Ingredients

"But then," said Mr Harben, a cheerful, rounded and bearded little man, "the whole premise of British cooking is that the basic ingredients must be so good the food needs no sauce and a minimum of preparation. Leave the fancy sauces and the fancy names to the French."

Mr Harben added that the raw materials of the British cuisine—fish, fowl, meat, fruit and vegetables—are the best in the world, a fact often disputed by tourists because the standard of cookery varies over the kingdom.

So the British Travel and Holiday Association asked him to give television demonstrations in the United States to prove that in the hands of an expert chef the native British cuisine is worthy of the attention of ordinary eaters and epicures alike.

In his appearances in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, Mr Harben will demonstrate on TV the preparation of Lancashire hot pot, Bakewell pudding,

How To Roast Beef

Mr Harben roasts roast beef on a high shelf of the oven and bakes the Yorkshire pudding under it at the same time so the dripping from the meat soaks into the pudding.

"In Yorkshire," he said, "fathers used to say 'who eats the most pudding gets the most meat'—the pudding was served first as a separate course. But those children who ate the most pudding naturally couldn't stomach a lot of meat, leaving more for the head of the family."

Can this be Mr Harben's tip for American fathers?—United Press.

Moon Flights By 1960, Says Moscow

A Moscow observatory lecturer said rockets from the earth guided by radio might reach the moon by 1960. Radio Moscow broadcast recently.

The broadcast said men would follow "as soon as the moon has been explored by means of apparatus" and Mars and Venus would be on the exploration list by 1970.

The broadcast, which did not identify the lecturer, quoted him as saying that "science and technology will make flights into space possible within the next five to ten years. The first rockets, guided by radio from the earth, might reach the moon as early as 1960."

TV TRANSMITTER

"The rockets will carry a television transmitter. In this way it will be possible to study the conditions of flight in space as far as the moon's surface."

"As soon as the moon has been explored by means of apparatus, the launching of manned rockets and the establishment of a permanent scientific station on the moon will become reality."

A little later—between 1965 and 1970—the exploration of Mars and Venus may be expected to start," the broadcast said. —United Press.

WHAT WILL RUSSIA DO WITH HER SIBERIAN DIAMONDS?

Russia claims to have discovered a big diamond field in Siberia and may now enter the diamond business.

The Communists apparently expected their announcement to frighten the "diamond monopolists" with the spectre of mountains of gems flooding the West and breaking the marketing agreements painfully built up over the years by the diamond kings.

But in Hutton Garden, centre of the diamond trade, few seem bothered by the news.

Shares Fall

Diamond shares dipped on the stock market but only slightly. Shares of De Beers, Ltd., the giant South African corporation, fell 2/8. Their market value at present is about £6.

Diamond men are notoriously sceptical about their operations but they are not worried for these reasons: Russia needs foreign exchange; therefore they would not dump diamonds on Western markets since this would depress the price which would defeat their purpose.

Also a good many Western dealers may not want to handle Russian diamonds.

Industrial diamonds are vital to defence and because of American stockpiling there is a shortage of them as well.

Russia and her satellites can therefore probably make good use of all the industrial diamonds they can mine in Siberia.

"The world is buying \$100,000,000 worth of gem diamonds every year," said one executive. "So the Russian output would have to be truly gigantic to upset the market."

Monopoly Rumours

Ninety-five per cent of the diamonds mined in the West are marketed through the "diamond corporation." Naturally when a large slice of an industry is controlled by a

single group there are rumours of monopoly and of a stockpile of diamonds held off the market to keep prices high.

These rumours have circulated for years and a spokesman for the diamond corporation quoted the comment of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, President of De Beers.

In an annual report three years ago Sir Ernest pointed out that the total reserve held by his group and the diamond corporation was only about \$18,200,000 worth—less than one month's sales.

He said the diamond industry rather stockpiled diamonds to keep prices up nor limited the mining of them to create an artificial shortage and maintain high value. —United Press.

Sorry, No Vodka

City fathers turned down a Polish delicatessen owner's plea for permission to sell vodka recently despite his argument that his 500 expatriated customers like their national drink along with their sausage. —United Press.

Now Surgeons Sew Their Patients Up With Buttons!

Surgeons—the masters of the threaded needle, the stitch, and the seam—now have a technique for sewing buttons on to their patients.

Take the hand, for example. Put a button in the palm, another on the back of the hand, and sew the buttons together—with the threads going right through the hand.

That was described by Dr Redford C. Tanzer, Assistant Professor of Plastic Surgery, Dartmouth Medical School, at a recent meeting of the New England Surgical Society.

The buttons are plain, ordinary ones. A surgeon could well find a supply from his wife's sewing basket. But they are made to serve a practical purpose. That is the prevention of haematoma.

A haematoma is a pocket of blood which has escaped from ruptured veins. It clots, forms a hardened mass and becomes a capsule within the body's tissue. In the surgical repair of some types of injuries, the danger of leaving a hollow area in the body where a haematoma could form is a very pressing one. And present techniques are not always adequate.

Dr Tanzer has been experimenting with buttons for several years. He told his fellow surgeons that they worked beautifully wherever on the body there were two back to back surfaces onto which he could sew them. The hand has two such surfaces. So do the ears, the lips,

Only One Setback

He has sewed on buttons in 22 cases, he said, and in only one case did a haematoma develop. He also found buttons effective in preventing haemorrhage around the surgical area is around the ears, lips, or cheek.

He cited a number of his cases, including that of an eight-year-old girl who had mangled her hand in the wringer of mother's washing machine.

He raised a flap of skin from her abdomen. This flap he fixed firmly to the "denuded" palm of her hand with his buttons-back-to-back technique. Thus, he made a successful graft which, when the hand was cut loose from the abdomen, gave the child a repaired and usable hand. —United Press.

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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 William Holden in Paramount's "UNION STATION"

NOW NEW KINDS 'OF APPLES & TOMATOES

Winipeg. New kinds of potatoes, tomatoes and apples are in prospect, according to a University of Manitoba professor.

Dr L. H. Shebeck, head of the plant science department, told the Canada Food Technologists' Association recently that scientists aided by electronics and chemicals were working to develop bigger and better food plants.

New species of plants not previously found in nature can be produced by a combination of chemical and physical techniques and selective breeding, he said.

The chromosome patterns of plants could be "re-shuffled," and mutations created by x-ray radiations by certain chemicals and by what are known as "temperature shock" treatments.

"Some of these hybrids and mutations show features that we may ultimately develop as bigger and better plants resistant to our major insect pests and rust infections," he said. The field is wide open for scientists to develop new food that will shortly be beyond the experimental stage.

Dr Shebeck also said that agricultural research workers at the University of Manitoba were trying to develop a winter wheat for the Canadian prairies.

A winter wheat, hardy enough to be grown on the prairies, would have an advantage in planting and harvesting and would be of tremendous value in soil conservation, he said. —United Press.

His Diet For 20 Years Was Two Cups Of Tea A Day

Hasan Baba, Turkey's 41-year-old "thin man," has challenged doctors to investigate his claim that he has lived for 20 years on two cups of tea a day.

The "thin man," who comes from Malatya, in eastern Turkey, says he has forgotten the tastes of meat, fish, bread, and fruit because it is so long since he touched them.

He weighs three stone 13 pounds and is so thin that his abdomen is completely sunken in his body. He says he will live on tea for the rest of his life. —China Mail Special.

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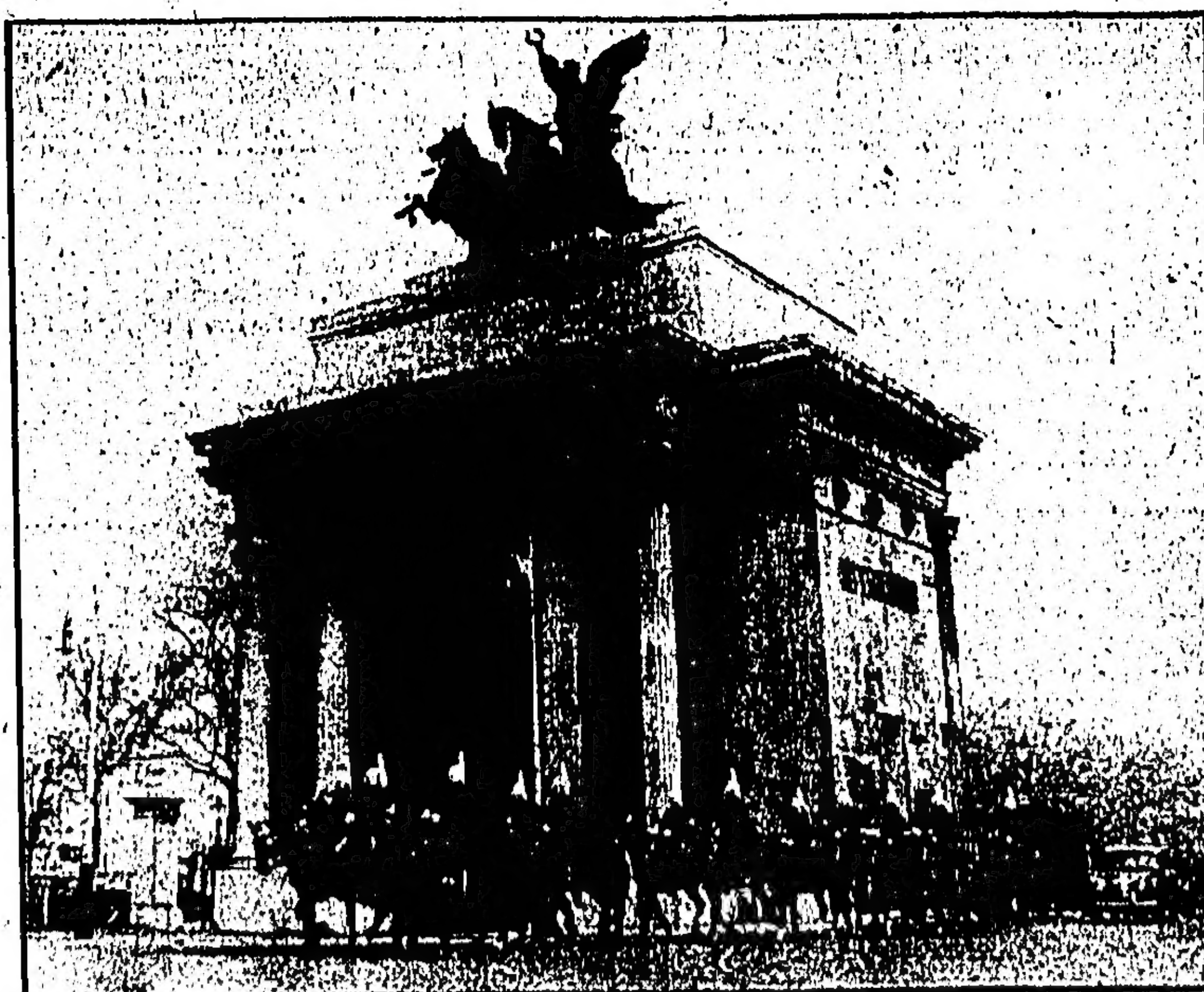
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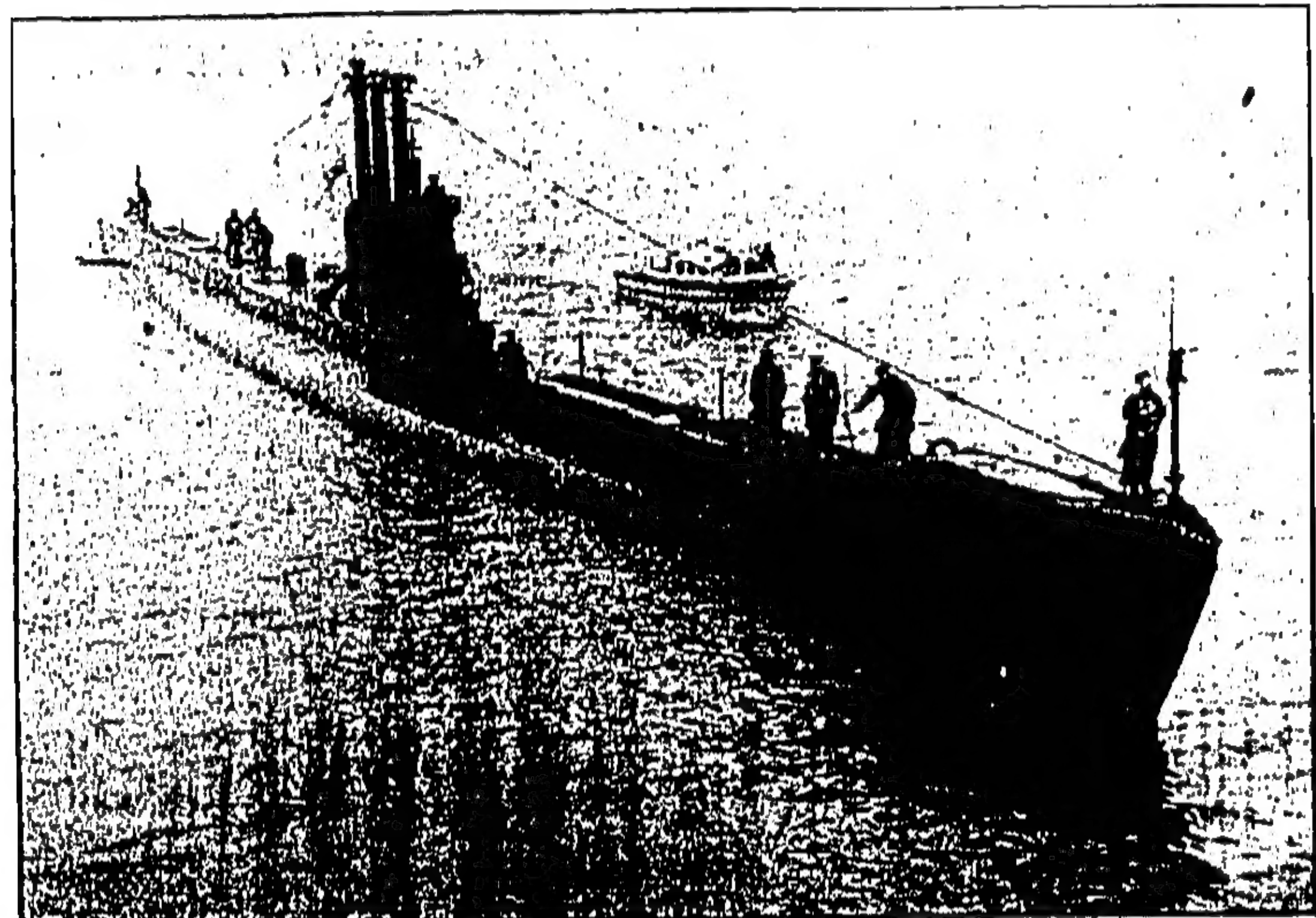
FLM actor Kenneth More, voted "Most Promising Star" by Britain's Variety Club, is blissfully trapped between actresses Diana Dors (left) and Valerie French. Miss Dors was voted "Show Personality of 1955." (Express)



THE "Magnolia Street" man weds. Louis Golding, 60-year-old novelist, leaving a London register office with his bride, the former Mrs Annie Wintrobe. (Express)



SPRING comes to London. The Royal Horse Guards riding down Constitution Hill, on their way for the Changing of the Guard ceremony at the Horse Guards Parade. (Army News)



THE British submarine, Acheron, which was lost for five hours recently, returning to her base at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute. Her captain, Lieutenant-Commander Hay, said he had tried for 17 hours without success to get the submarine's "All's well" check signal through. (Express)



MR Neville Powley, Forces broadcaster, hands the microphone over to the chimp at the London Zoo to the amusement of several schoolboys. (Army News)



RENEWING acquaintance with Hyde Park is film actor David Niven and his wife. Mr Niven arrived in London recently to take part in the film, "The Silken Affair." (Express)



MAJOR A. C. Davidson-Houston, well-known painter, who has been commissioned by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to paint a new portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. The sittings will be at Buckingham Palace. (British Army News)



NEW-STYLE automatic road sweepers being demonstrated on a stretch of London's Thames Embankment before officials of the Westminster City Council. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGARET presented with a bouquet by 15-year-old Rosemary Bondfield, a cadet of the Twickenham Cadet Nursing Division, when she attended a charity party at the Cafe de Paris, London, in aid of the St John Ambulance Brigade. Winifred Atwell and Ambrose's Orchestra played at the party. (Express)



THE girl who publicly kissed the Duke of Kent in Switzerland a month ago, Jane Sheffield, and her fiance, Mr Jocelyn Stevens, after announcing their engagement at a party at Londonderry House. The party turned into an all-night jam session with Stan Kenton, the American bandleader, and his orchestra providing the music. (Express)



THE Greek Ambassador to the United Kingdom, Mr Basile Mostras (with umbrella), at London Airport after being recalled by his government following the expulsion of Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



THE TRAGEDY OF FRANCE'S 7d-a-DAY ARMY

From SAM WHITE

Paris was behind that rancorous speech of the French Foreign Minister, M. Pineau, which won France its only diplomatic victory for many years—the rather watery one of an invitation to Chequers, when Mr Eden and Premier Mollet discussed "differences".

Undoubtedly the basic factor was a feeling of military helplessness, induced by the sombre state of the French army.

What had happened to that army, once the proudest in Europe, is a major national tragedy. Today, more than half the French army is in North Africa. It is an army of tanks and aeroplanes, hopelessly unequipped for conditions of lightning guerrilla warfare.

Its sorry story begins immediately after the end of the war. At that time France had an excellent colonial army equipped for colonial warfare and offered by men who knew North Africa. This army was disbanded in 1947 and never re-created. Then political bigotry and a zest for slaying the army budget began to play havoc with the army at home.

DE GAULLE'S DEADLY BLOW

FIRST of all, officers taken prisoner in the debacle of 1940 were retired, then a special early retirement law was enacted which robbed the army of virtually all its technicians. Under this law army engineers could retire immediately and receive three years' full pay. Inevitably they left the army to take up civil employment. Then came the deadly blow of the "purge" for which General de Gaulle bears a heavy responsibility.

Not only were officers who remained loyal to Vichy dismissed but also those who sided with General Giraud in his feud against de Gaulle. On top of that came the heavy losses of junior officers and NCOs in Indo-China.

Today, made up almost entirely of conscripts who serve an 18-month term, the French army remains almost medieval in the rules of pay. A soldier gets only 30 francs a day (about 7d.), which is barely enough to buy a small glass of bad wine. The lot of his family and dependants becomes disastrous once he is called up. His wife receives 2s. 3d. a day for herself and 2s. 3d. a day for each child. This money being paid not by the army or the state but out of a municipal charity.

THE PRINCE GRANTS CONCESSIONS

A LOT of friends of Prince Rainier are going to make a lot of money out of the wedding.

The Prince is lavishing a crop of concessions on them. Already there are film, TV and still-photo concessions granted, and each concessionaire will have exclusive rights in his respective field.

Finally, what may be termed a "fairly tale" concession has come into being. This will publish illustrated books for children based on the romantic story of the wedding.

Incidental intelligence: The Russian news agency Tass has applied for facilities to report the wedding.

NEHRU'S FACE LIT UP

IN a newly published book a distinguished French Ambassador and former head of Protocol of the Foreign Office, the late Jacques Dumaine, gives this revealing glimpse of the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru.

The scene: Orly Airport. The time: 1951. Nehru has arrived in Paris for a brief stay on his way back to New Delhi. The French Premier, M. Pineau, and his Foreign Minister, M. Schuman, accompanied by M. Dumaine, have hurried to Orly to greet Nehru.

Dumaine writes: "Nehru treated us with cold discourtesy. He did not even invite us inside the Embassy when we arrived there. Instead he immediately received a well-known Communist, a nationalist editor, and a Tunisian nationalist. In negotiations with him we found him vain and stubborn. On his departure I alone went to see him off."

"As we stood there waiting for the airplane to take off, the Prince De Ligne, the Belgian Ambassador to New Delhi, arrived on the scene. Nehru's face lit up and he rushed up to him."

"Prince," he cried, "what an honour for me and how charming of you to come to see me off."

"The Prince looked extremely embarrassed. "Finally he said: 'I am here in effect to pay my respects to your Excellency, but I am also here because I am catching the same airplane.'"

Dumaine comments: "I understood at that moment by the look of petulance on Nehru's face that high-caste Hindus have something in common with a certain type of European mentality—snobbery."

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

MR MAURICE LYNCH, leader of the British small shopkeepers' delegation which conferred with Foulade: "I do not think it would be fair to our families to visit the Folies Bergere while we are here."

British Ambassador SIR GLADWIN JEBB: "In my view hot peace would be a much better term than cold war."



"Funny hats to sell a country where half of 'em are supposed to be making tractors and the other half working in salt mines." London Express Service

One Of The World's Strangest Stories

PROPHETESS FROM 10 DOWNING ST.

By Peter Forster

THE eccentric English woman abroad has become a legend. She keeps a tea-shop in some remote village; she has lived for 40 years in the native quarter, yet still wears her Cheltenham hat-band; the purity of her English accent is matched only by the perfection of her patois; plots, revolutions, time—all pass her by. She is indeed something of a joke, yet not one to be laughed at openly for our mirth is usually mixed with admiration.

The exalted prototype for all such ladies is surely Lady Hester Stanhope. She stands unchallenged, if not as the first, then certainly as the most fabulous and eccentric of all English woman travellers.

Lady Hester was a great-niece of the fearsome Lord Chatham, niece of William Pitt the Younger, a fashionable young woman who played hostess at No. 10, Downing Street and sat at the heart of social and political intrigue in the Prince Regent's England.

IMPERIOUS

Who then would have expected her to spend the greater part of her life wandering through the dangerous lands of the Middle East, to die, imagining herself a prophetess, in a ruined convent on Mount Lebanon?

Of course the Pitt blood was likely to produce extraordinary results. Hester's father, Lord Stanhope, was one of the most eccentric men of his day: a peer with Republican principles—yet a severe parent—who defended the French Revolution in the House of Lords and had the coronets torn from the railings at his country house.

Hester was born in 1776, and her mother died early. Attempts to discipline the girl (who never forgot how a governess tried to make her slim by strapping her between wooden boards) only made her more imperious.

When still in her teens she showed her mettle by turning on a drunken Army officer and calmly knocking him out with a most unfeminine right to the jaw. She grew into a large handsome woman, six feet tall.

Eventually William Pitt, then Prime Minister, rescued her

from the shadow of her father's tyranny, and she moved into Downing Street, as his housekeeper. Here she was in her element, at the heart of affairs, proud of the uncle she adored, and justifying any extravagance by her noble blood and his position.

Here, too, she fell in love for the first time, with Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, a rake who soon took flight at Hester's determined pursuit, and accepted Pitt's discreet offer of the Moscow Embassy.

Hester never cared a jot for public opinion and her rudeness became notorious. When an offensive junior Minister remarked at table that he had been given a broken spoon she replied sweetly: "But you notice how Mr Pitt very often uses slight and weak instruments to effect his ends?" And once when a general disagreed with her, she raged and called him "a paralytic old kangaroo."

But then Pitt died. One of his last requests was that the King should make provision for his niece—for Lady Hester was alone and grey to the spine and scorn of her enemies.

At least one notable cap was thrown at her feet. Sir John Moore died at Corunna saying to Hester's brother, a member of his staff, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister. Tragically, her sister brother, Charles, was killed in that same retreat."

This double blow nearly broke her spirit. Ever after she liked to speak of Moore as her fiancé (though marriage had never been mentioned between them) and all her life she treasured one of his gauntlet gloves.

SHIPWRECKED

She sought to retire from society for a time and in 1810 sailed for Gibraltar.

From Gibraltar she went to Malta, then to Greece. Then she journeyed on to Constantinople, where she was narrowly prevented from going to France just because she was "dying to see Napoleon with my own eyes." Instead she turned to the East. It had been to her that Pitt uttered his famous prophetic command to "roll up the map of Europe" after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz. Now his niece would never need to consult that map again.

Sailing from Turkey with the intention of wintering in Alexandria, she was shipwrecked off Rhodes. Lady Hester was lucky to escape, and having lost her wardrobe donned a Turkish man's dress. She decided that "no costume had ever been so becoming to her" and from then on always wore men's clothing.

Now, the taste for travel and the Middle East took command of her. What could the life of a retired spinster in England offer in comparison with life out there? Mehmet Ali, the ruler of Egypt, reviewed his troops in her honour and Arab chieftains loaded her with presents.

Before long the fetter went to her head. She began to talk of being crowned Queen of the Jews in Jerusalem. And indeed when she moved on to Palestine, she behaved as if the title were quite genuine.

Her ladyship desired to visit Damascus. Lady Hester rode in one afternoon unveiled and so overwhelmed the crowds by her bearing that she was greeted as a goddess! The bazaar rose in her honour and coffee was strewn in her path.

Palmyra came next in her itinerary. There the whole population welcomed her to their ancient city, where she was crowned with flowers in the ruined temple.

AUTHORITY

She styled herself Queen of the Arabs, and ordered the local sheik to charge any future European visitors an exorbitant entrance fee to the ruins, thus ensuring that her triumph would remain exclusive.

Here her fortunes reached their peak. Back in Palestine she fell victim to the plague and her mental balance, always precarious, was further disturbed. She rented a disused convent on Mount Lebanon—a place whose putrid smell was partly due to a former patriarch having been rather ineffectually embalmed in one of its walls, sitting upright in an armchair. Lady Hester here entered upon that last phase of her life during which she became a living legend in the Middle East.

In 1816 she moved to another house, further up Mount Lebanon at Djoun, where she lived the remaining 20 years of her life.

Anybody who has seen the rugged wilderness of Lebanon will realise how strange it would be to encounter a solitary English noblewoman living there.

And at Djoun Lady Hester ruled with all the fierce authority and independence of a tribal chieftain. When a French Colonel called Boustan was murdered in the desert she harangued the Beys of Acre until he sent an avenging force. She seems to have been not in the least upset that 62 villages were razed and more than 300 people killed as a result.

But to avoid any more such incidents she took to providing travellers with creditable for safe conduct marked with two

HESTER STANHOPE was the epitome of the eccentric English lady abroad—and she packed a most unfeminine right hook

seals for those to be treated as princes, and a single seal for ordinary gentlemen.

Yet her position was absurdly anomalous and insecure. She violently opposed and feuded with the Emir Bechir in whose domains she lived, while he tolerated her only through fear of offending the powerful British Minister at Constantinople.

Her survival among the constant upheavals of Middle Eastern politics was almost miraculous—and the peasants thought she must be protected by some divine influence.

Eventually delusions of grandeur obsessed her mind; she took up astrology and the occult sciences; she had visions of herself entering Jerusalem between the Mahdi and the Messiah, and kept two horses perpetually saddled for when the moment should come.

The Prophetess of Mount Lebanon, wearing a turban and smoking a hookah, never forgot she was Mr Pitt's niece. Nor did her formidable sense of mischief desert her as poverty and ill-health intruded. The wife of her doctor, arriving one day rather against Lady Hester's wishes, found herself at her first meal seated beside the local hangman.

RUDE NOTE

But it could not last. She was in debt all over the Levant. Her huge number of servants robbed her, and when the doctor suggested getting rid of them, she replied: "Doctor, think of my rank."

At last, in the face of several strong complaints, Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston threatened to cut off her pension if her debts were not settled.

This step unleashed a furious stream of letters from Mount Lebanon, including an icy rude note to the young Queen Victoria. But Lady Hester's financial position was beyond repair. Expected inheritances failed to appear; her second brother died; the house was in a revolting condition, and the servants almost out of control.

And there, in those surroundings, in June, 1839, this strange, magnificent and silly old woman died.

(CONTINUED)



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A 'DEAD' MAN SNORED...

THE STORY SO FAR

Surrounded by German troops on a farm near the village of Le Paradis, about 100 officers and men—the last survivors of the Second Battalion, the Royal Norfolk Regiment—surrendered on May 27, 1940. They are rounded up, stripped of their equipment, and marched along the Rue du Paradis and into a field, where two machine-guns, manned by Germans, point towards the prisoners. Private Albert Pooley is in the middle of the column, as the men march into a shallow pit in front of a farm building. A German officer, standing near the gate, raps out the order to fire.

A NORFOLK boy near the front swung round as if he meant to make a break for it. There was no time.

The two machine-guns were apparently fired inwards from a left and right traverse. Bullets swept the column from the front and rear to the centre, cutting down the helpless men as corn is cut with a scythe. Some of the men of the Norfolk could not have realised what was happening before they fell. Others heard the command but were mown down before they could turn away.

Searing pain

Private Pooley still recalls this scene. How can he forget it? "For a few seconds the cries and shrieks of our men drowned the crackling of the guns. Then I felt a terrific searing pain in my leg and wrist and pitched forward into a red world of agony."

"My own scream of pain mingled with the cries of my mates. But even as I fell forward into a heap of dying men I had just one thought—'If I ever get out of here the swine who did this will pay for it!'"

He was hit four times—superficial wounds, two in one leg—by bullets which might have been ricochets from the walls of the barn.

The firing stopped. Pooley heard, above the moans of the wounded, a command in German and a metallic rattle as bayonets were fixed. The sound was unmistakable. It was followed by shrieks and several shots.

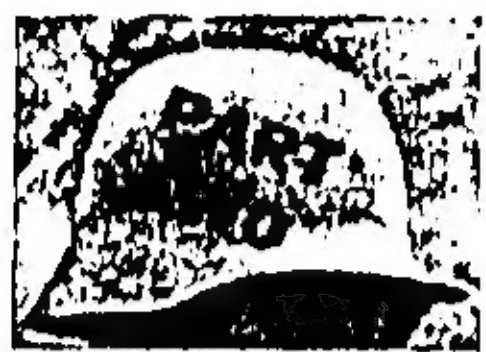
He could not see the Germans, but he was aware of them gathered round the edge of the pit. With bayonet or kindred bullet, they administered the coup de grace whenever they saw a movement.

Two shots

Although Pooley was tense with fear, he still had enough grip on himself to know that his life depended on keeping absolutely still.

But one of the men beneath him made a spasmodic movement as he died. Pooley felt the tremor. A German must have seen it. Immediately two shots were fired into the pile of bodies.

For Private Pooley it was the strangest, most comforting sound in the world. It meant that in that field of death someone else was alive...



FROM THE BOOK
By CYRIL JOLLY

Pooley got both bullets in the leg that had already been hit. One stopped in the bone with the nose of the bullet protruding through the far side.

Although the impact of these two bullets was terrific, Pooley controlled himself so well that he neither cried out nor made any movement. Had he done so



Someone else in that pile of dead men was alive. By stretching out his arm, Pooley was able to shake the sleeping soldier.

The snoring stopped. A voice whispered, "Who is it?" "It's me—Pooley. Who are you?" "O'Callaghan."

A signaller

Private William O'Callaghan was a signaller at Battalion HQ. He came from Dereham, in Norfolk. Later O'Callaghan told Pooley of his own experiences after the surrender.

At first he thought they were to be well treated by their captors, for the German who searched him returned the photographs of his father and mother which were in his wallet.

Then the German said, "Have you a knife?"

"No," O'Callaghan answered without thinking.

At once he felt a tug at his belt and, simultaneously, a vicious blow on the back of his head that nearly knocked him over. A German standing beside him had understood the question and seen the Army knife which O'Callaghan had forgotten was swinging from his belt.

Sodden clothes

There was quiet as the Germans had moved away. The field possessed the stillness of death.

The British private lay there not daring to move in case someone was watching the bodies; any movement would have brought death. He noticed that the man lying across his leg was a friend of his called Nobby. Then he passed out.

Later he came to for a moment and heard two men talking in German.

From the tone of their voices they were not rank and file, but officers. Pooley was to wish he had been able to understand what they were saying, but now he only registered that they were there before slipping back into his unconsciousness.

It was dark when he came round again, and raining hard. Perhaps it was the sodden clothes clinging to his body that revived him.

He moved his head but could see no Germans. Then he be-

In the back

He swung round almost instinctively, and the same German turned his rifle and dug him hard in the back.

O'Callaghan was on the side of the column nearest the guns when they marched into the field. As the ranks of three began to fall, a voice seemed to scream in his brain, "Dive! Dive!"

He plunged into the falling men in front of him, and felt a searing pain in his arm. He knew he had been hit. He lay with both arms outstretched and his face in a patch of thistles; their needle points pricked his cheeks, his nose, his ears.

Across his legs lay one of his comrades and his right arm a regimental police sergeant. As the Germans with fixed bayonets came near, O'Callaghan fought down his fear with every bit of will-power he possessed and lay as one dead.



London Express Service.

Somehow O'Callaghan got him out and on to the wet grass...

The Germans actually trod on him and hauled the body of one of his comrades almost off him, but O'Callaghan made no movement.

Probably his motionless figure lying face down in the thistles and the blood from his own wound and that of his comrades made the Germans pass over him.

It seemed to O'Callaghan hours before he dared open his eyes. Slowly, very slowly, he raised his head. No one would have seen him move unless they had stood immediately above him. Gradually, he lifted himself until he could see the meadow. There was no living person in sight. The machine-guns had gone.

His wounded left arm burned with pain. Blood-soaked his tunic. His unhurt arm was under the sergeant and was numb. He lowered his head and began withdrawing it from underneath the body.

Arm freed

O'Callaghan got his arm free, moved it slowly to restore the circulation and feeling, and even as he did so he felt a slight tremor of the earth as footsteps approached.

It was the two German officers who had been talking during Pooley's brief moment of consciousness. Clinging but with determination a light O'Callaghan lowered his head into the thistles.

The Germans moved off, their voices fading gradually away. O'Callaghan does not know what happened after that except that he did the most unlikely thing in the circumstances—he went to sleep.

He fell asleep on the edge of a mass grave with the bodies of his murdered comrades all round. For the last 17 days—since May 10—sleep had been snatched in brief spells whenever it was possible.

During the preceding two or three days he had hardly closed his eyes.

How long he slept he had no idea. When his senses returned, it was raining—raining hard. It was dark. He was sodden. And someone was shaking him.

Grim business

"Are you badly hurt?" O'Callaghan asked.

"Yes, my leg is smashed up," Pooley's voice was weak. "Try and get me out."

O'Callaghan tugged two bodies to one side. It was a grim business moving those dead comrades to release Pooley.

All the time it rained, steadily, heavily.

He got his arms around Pooley who groaned with every movement, for he had three or four bullet wounds just below the knee in one leg and the pain was severe.

But somehow O'Callaghan got him out and on to the wet grass.

As O'Callaghan looked around him he made out the shape of buildings near by. He thought perhaps they might be empty, and they could get inside out of the rain.

O'Callaghan made his way past the heap of dead soldiers towards the end of the barn. As he went cautiously round the building it seemed to grow light, and O'Callaghan realised that

one of the farm buildings was beginning to burn.

But as it was well away from the barn he was not deterred.

He went as quietly as he could, the water from the roof running on to him and splashing about his feet. He came to two big doors—which showed up in the light of the fire.

One door was slightly open. He was just about to open it wider when he saw that the barn was occupied.

At the far end, outlined in the light of a hurricane lamp and a stove, were several German names who appeared to be cooking a meal. O'Callaghan backed away.

Revenge

Pooley lay racked with pain looking at the heap of his murdered comrades. But fierce over the pain was the desire for revenge. It filled him with new determination to survive.

The body of Nobby lay just against him. He moved sideways towards the figure, and touching the wet tunic groped for a pocket. In the pocket he found Nobby's lighter.

Pooley took it. He felt it was a pledge to Nobby and the others that if he lived he would bring those responsible for this crime to justice.

(World Copyright, Adapted by Harold Harris from the book by Cyril Jolly, published by Heinemann.)

NEXT SATURDAY:
The Battle To Survive

THE BLINDS ARE DRAWN AT 1014 FIFTH AVENUE

THE blinds are drawn... a hush hangs over 1014 Fifth Avenue—one of the few private mansions left on Millionaires' Row.

No one answers the stately iron grille front door. But inside the five-story limestone house, sandwiched tightly between two towering blocks of flats, is a story fit for the films. Inside, in cosy comfort from biting, freezing winds raking the streets, are nine people. They are servants.

For periods ranging up to 40 years they served Mr and Mrs James W. Gerard. Their employers are dead. And these servants have inherited almost half a million dollars.

They also have the right—they feel it is a duty—to live in the mansion until the executors of the vast estate can dispose of the lavish furnishings and the building.

That may take weeks, months, even years, the executors say. For the estate runs into tens of millions of dollars.

Until then they will go on drawing full salary, and eating and sleeping off the kindness of their deceased master and mistress. Gerard, America's World War One ambassador to

Germany, and a financier, died four years ago. He left an estate of \$6,000,000 to his widow.

Mrs Gerard, who inherited untold millions from her father, Montana copper king Marcus Daly, died last January 19.

Both Gerards made bequests to servants.

The largest total goes to faithful butler Frank J. Hall. He receives \$125,000.

From
RICHARD KILLIAN

The chauffeur, Randle Pomeroy, gets \$95,000. Victor Peterson, the cook, \$21,000.

Two maids, Anna Flynn and Jennie Barron, \$10,000 each. Landress Ann Delaney \$5,000; handyman Jimmy Hayes, \$4,000. Two other servants, with unspecified occupations—James O'Brien and Eileen Daly—receive \$7,000 and \$2,000.

The largest non-family bequest is made to Veronica T. Ryland, lawyer and secretary to the Gerards—\$230,000.

The bulk of the estate—the big money—goes to nieces and nephews of the Gerards, but no one is paying much attention to them.

Not a person seemed to be stirring outside the mansion.

I rang and rang a simple white ivory doorbell until my finger was numb with cold. Then down a flight of iron steps to the tradesman's entrance. I rang, and a buzzer automatically opened the door.

A short woman came walking down the corridor drying her hands on a white apron.

I asked her what the servants were doing. "They are doing what they always did for Mr and Mrs Gerard—caring for the house."

These servants—at least six of them anyway—were dusting the antique furniture, waxing hardwood floors, polishing the silver, straightening the pictures.

They were doing it in full knowledge they no longer had to serve any employers in the empty house.

"They loved the Gerards," said the woman with the apron. "That's all they care about. They are still in mourning for Mrs Gerard."

WELL WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

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NO other book has ever had the phenomenal sales figures of the Bible. Tens of millions of copies are sold each year!

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Only three presses in England are allowed to print the Bible in English—those of Oxford and Cambridge Universities and the Queen's Printer. This privilege dates from Tudor times. It wasn't an exclusive privilege then, but the holders assumed it was—and time has honoured their claim.

The word "Bible" itself comes from the Greek "biblos"—the inner bark of the papyrus on which the ancients used to write.

Several versions of the Holy Book have acquired special names. There was the 16th century "Bear Bible" which had a bear printed on the cover, and the "Treacle Bible," in which "balm" was translated as "treacle."

"PAGAN BIBLE"

Then there was the "Placemaker's Bible," so-called because a mistake occurred in writing "Blessed are the peacemakers" and the "Pagan Bible," which contained a woodcut of Olympus and the heathen gods.

In 1611, two versions of "King James' Bible" were printed and became known as the "Great Bible" and the "Great Small Bible" because, in one, Ruth III, 15 read, "he went" and in the other "she went."

There was even a "Wicked Bible," issued in 1842, in which the word "not" was omitted from the Seventh Commandment! In the "Unrighteous

Bible" there was a mistranslation of "Know ye not that the righteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God?"

One of the best known versions of the Bible is the "Breeches Bible," the first to be printed in Roman type. In Genesis III, 7, of this volume, Adam and Eve are said to have "sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches" instead of "aprons," as in the Authorised Version.

Several scholars have translated the Bible into modern English. Probably the biggest bible is the one printed in Braille for the blind. It fills 39 volumes which, when piled one above the other, stand five feet high.

ALWAYS QUOTING

Although we may not realise it, we are constantly pulling from the Bible by using such everyday expressions as "skin of my teeth," "play the fool," "the fat of the land," "the apple of his eye" and "A law unto themselves."

The Bible has been used for forecasting the future a form of magic called Bibliomancy. People used to (perhaps they still do) open the pages at random and point to any part without looking. The verse touched was supposed to apply to the future affairs of the person concerned.

A man who had time on his hands once analysed the Bible and produced some amazing statistics, which took him more than three years to compile.

Among other things, he found that it contained 773,692 words made up of 3,568,480 letters. Altogether there are 66 books, 1,189 chapters, and 31,177 verses. The word "and" occurs 35,543 times in the Old Testament alone. (COPYRIGHT)

Cyprus May Become U.S. Election Issue

From DONALD LUDLOW

Washington. ALTHOUGH most Americans are only just beginning to take an interest in it, the island of Cyprus may be as big a political issue in this election year as another island was 36 years ago when "the Irish troubles" were at their height.

Then it was an emotional surge that came from the hearts of the vast Irish-American population, many of them fresh from the "old country." This time it goes deeper. There are not enough Greek-Americans—only 170,000—to be a really potent political force.

But there is a large body of Americans—many in high places—who are increasingly fearful of being dragged into the troubles in which the colonial powers now find themselves. It is even possible that America may disassociate herself from the colonial powers and "go it alone," seeking new friends among the new nations as she can find them.

Some of this sort of thinking comes from America's own revolutionary history, which makes her traditionally sympathetic to any people demanding self-government.

But much of it also comes from a fear of being landed in another Korean-type war.

And there is dismay, too, at the sweeping successes of nationalism, which only leave the West weaker and the Kremlin stronger. There is bit-

terness in discovering that where America has sought to mediate and restore friendships she has found herself in the middle of a quarrel, coming only resentment.

"Look," say these Americans, "we have constantly urged on the colonial powers that they should stand by their peoples before they seize it. But it's always too little and too late. There is chaos in North Africa, ferment throughout the whole of the Middle East. And all the reward we get for standing by the British, French and Portuguese are insults from the native people and our consulates stoned. We even find our allies suspecting us, siding with the nationalists."

All this does not mean, however, that there is any desire by these Americans to dump their allies. There is too much respect for Britain and for France too much consciousness of their military necessity, for that.

But there is deep feeling that there are times—and they elude the case of attitudes towards Red China—when the best of friends can agree to disagree and still work together in other fields.

Many Americans are convinced that a ringing declaration from the U.S. that she sponsors independence for all under colonial rule is needed to win over the millions of the Middle East, Africa, India and Pakistan and make them proof against Communism.

And if this causes friction with her old friends, then it must be faced for the benefit of the new. (COPYRIGHT)

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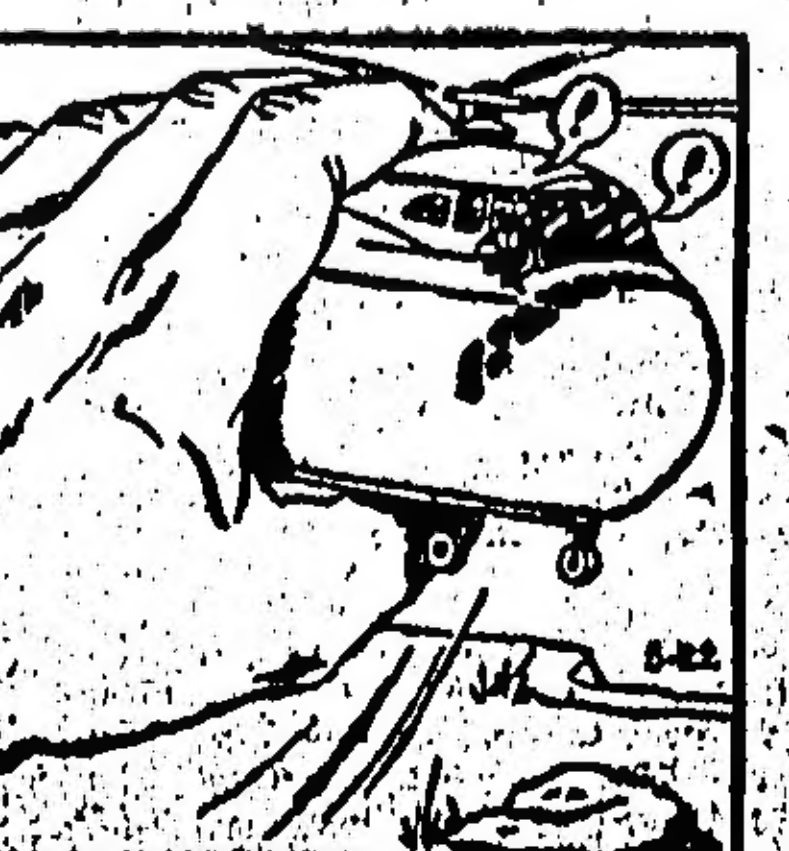
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THE GREATEST DAY IN THE LIFE OF DON COCKELL



DON COCKELL IN HIS TRAINING QUARTERS

I've nothing against Women—but I prefer Men, says Marilyn

UNTIL the other day I never believed that Marilyn Monroe actually existed. It was all done by mirrors or mass hypnosis or something I felt sure.

She was surely just another American pipe dream. But sitting next to her on the chintz-covered settee with her eyelashes brushing my cheeks I had to admit that Miss Monroe is more than an optical illusion.

She is real—every curve of her I will explain how her eyelashes came to be brushing my cheeks—just to clear up any possible misunderstanding.

First, she has rather long eyelashes. Secondly, when Miss Monroe is making a point, she does it with all the persuasive powers at her command; to be more precise she clutches your hand, slides up close and uses her eyelids as provocatively as a fan dancer uses her fan.

The particular point Miss Monroe was trying to make at that moment was that she liked men. I was prepared to let her convince me. "Don't you like girls?" she said and her eyelashes did a dance of the seven veils.

RED LACE

I said there was a lot to be said for them. She was wearing a red lace dress that plunged deeper than a deep sea diver and concealed just enough to emphasise how much it failed to conceal. She must have used radium to get into it. Placed strategically in the deep V of her neckline was a white rose.

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Monroe, "I like men more than men like me," and as she spoke removed the white rose and tossed it aside. "If I keep it there much longer it is liable to wilt," she explained with mock innocence.

The effect of this was to make the décolletage even more decollete.

Writing a little myself, I edged a couple of inches away trying hard to remember the questions I had intended to ask her. But before I could ask anything she had moved up even closer and was brushing cigarette ash from my shirt and was saying, "I don't like to make any man give up hope. Because... who knows? I'm free, unattached... and I'm looking."

I asked what sort of man she was looking for.

OPEN SECRET

She said: "He must be a poet though that doesn't mean he has to write poetry. He should be sensitive. Sensitivity is as important as masculinity."

"And physical qualities..."

"He should have those too." Talking to Miss Monroe, her celebrated body is like an open secret, between you. You may not actually talk about it, but you both know it is there.

She ran her hand down her neck and bare shoulders in a

THOMAS WISEMAN
reports from Hollywood

kind of ecstatic appreciation of herself and said: "If I had a long couch I could sprawl on it and make like I'm Cleopatra or something. Something is wrong."

"I feel like I ought to be drinking champagne. I know what's wrong. We need music to get the right atmosphere for this interview."

As she went over to switch on the radio, I took a quick look round the room. Somehow it was not the kind of room that complemented Miss Monroe's personality.

There were high-backed wooden chairs, brass lamps, a china cabinet full of china, a glass jar full of boiled sweets, powder mugs in a wall shelf, a grandfather clock, and outside by the circular swimming pool there was a child's rocking horse.

HER BEDROOM

Miss Monroe said: "I know it's not me. It's a house I've rented. I'm going to have my own house. Shall I tell you about the bedroom I'm going to have. I'm going to have a wide, wide bed. As wide as a meadow and all satins and furs and luxurious things. The roof of the house would be more classical. But I do like luxury in the bedroom."

She proceeded to sing "The Best Things in Life are Expensive."

On the radio a voice was now singing, "If we've got to make a break let's make it clean."

Miss Monroe sprawled out on the floor and made a pillow out of a white mink stole. "That's better," she said. "I feel more like Cleopatra already."

She nuzzled her face against the white fur. "Gee," she said, "mink pillows—I never thought of that before."

She kicked up her legs for no reason except sheer exuberance and said, "Look, Car-Can. That would make a good photograph, wouldn't it? Sell a lot of papers."

I noticed that she was as full of admiration for her legs (sheathed in black stockings) as the rest of the world.

I LIKE MEN

I suppose part of the reason why men like looking at her so much is because she likes being looked at. "What I like about men," said Miss Monroe, "is their vulnerability. It's so touching. No woman should ever trample on a man. They are such helpless creatures."

I asked if she had done any trampling in her time. "Oh no," she said. "I told you I like men. I've got nothing against women, but I prefer men."

In that case, I wanted to know, why was it that there was no romance in her life? We had been sitting talking for nearly three hours and on her third day back in Hollywood there had been not a single

'All I knew was that the blob in front of me was Johnny Williams.....'

By GEORGE WHITING

SO it's just another fight, and you are in the business for dough, and the boxing rules do not mention pain. But the betting boys have made you a 4-1 underdog, and there is a salty taste to that red liquid that is oozing from your mouth and your nose and from those ugly gashes over your eyes.

You cannot see out of the purpling slit that was once a gleaming left eye. So you grope and you hope and you sling everything you've got at the blur that represents the "enemy"—the man who is inflicting these strictly commercial hurts on your person.

But who cares? Tonight's the night. The other guy is in worse shape than you are. You heard him gasp when you belted him in the ribs. You have left hooked the side of his right eye wide open with all the science and all the savagery of which you are capable.

The critics

You are winning. With every shot you ram a hot retort down the throats of those critics who have damned you as a has-been. What's a little blood?

You are hammering out a heavyweight championship. Keep your hands up and you cannot go wrong. The rainbow is yours—and so is the pot of gold.

The boxing record books—agony columns with the blood cleaned up—accord no more than normal prominence to the fact that Don Cockell outpointed Johnny Williams for the British and Empire heavyweight championships at Harringay on May 12, 1953.

But talk of Cockell over a cup of office tea and you will learn, even through the camouflage of Cockney monosyllables, that that resourceful victory meant all the difference between fade-out and respect.

It also meant, later, a crack at Rocky Marciano's world title—and at least £20,000 improvement in the bank balance. That old song about the gent who had 11 more months and 10 more days to get out of the calaboose is not unsuited to Don Cockell.

Rehabilitation

It took him almost exactly that period of sweat, swipe and manoeuvre to toss back in our teeth those ever-so-juicy nicknames we used to think up for him. . . . Dumping Don, But-terball, the Waist of Time . . . that kind of stuff.

Incidentally, Cockell is engaged on another term of rehabilitation right now, but that is another story—and not at all funny.

Instead, picture the Cockell of just over four years ago. He has been bashed into the ropes and into a four-round defeat by an ill-considered Virginia Negro called Jimmy Slade—with Prince Philip looking on.

He is hauled off to Hammer-smith Hospital for an examination of the metabolic quirks that make him run to fat. He returns to outpatient a not-so-hot Italian called Tonkin.

perspires three stone away in a Brighton gymnasium . . . and loses his British and Empire cruiserweight titles to a rip-roaring Randolph Turpin. Cur-tains.

We wrote him off. We argued among ourselves whether the £7,500 he collected for the Turpin fight was a reasonable wage for the wallowing he took.

Knock-out

And we rated it a pretty fair assessment of pugilistic values when, four months later, he reappeared as a suburban heavyweight down at Streatham—£400.

He knocked out Paddy Slavin, a fast-tiding Irish champion, in the second round; and that, too, was rated a pretty good joke.

Don Cockell as a heavy-weight seemed good for eggs, and not much else—an impression confirmed by a successful but unsightly knock-about turn with the lanky Yorkshireman, Frank Bell.

"Remember that one?" I asked Cockell.

"Of course I do," he replied. "How can a fighter forget a night when one of his own kind goes out for keeps?"

The penny dropped. Cockell had remembered what I had forgotten—that the night he beat Bell at the Royal Albert Hall was the night that Honore Pratesi of France fought the first prize fight in the world since the death of Jack Paddy. And died in hospital. Nobody laughed that one off.

Ladged

"You and Bell looked terrible," I ventured.

"It wasn't so easy from where I was standing," replied Cockell. "Bell caught me with a right-hander that felt like a cricket ball. I hit him on the break. He lost his temper. I laughed. And that started it."

"Money did not come into it. It cost me more to train than the £450 I got for fighting Bell. But John Simpson, my manager, and I knew what we were doing."

"We were after a championship fight with Johnny Williams and it turned out the only way we could get it was for me to beat Bell, and then Tommy Farr."

Cockell did both. Against veteran but still-wily Farr, the Don gave us our first real inkling that the sea-drained cruiserweight who had been flattened by Turpin might, after all, be of some account in the heavyweight hierarchy.

Escape

Farr's gamesmanship throughout the training period at Brighton—they shared the same gymnasium—went for nothing when Cockell turned on seven rounds of intelligent boxing and calculated venom up at Nottingham.

Cockell, so recently written off, collected £1,250 and strode off, resolution spiced with resentment towards the greatest day of his life.

But the championship battle against Williams nearly never happened.

After his usual light-morning breakfast, half a cup of tea and nothing to eat, Cockell and trainer, Bill Cowd, set out by car from Diamond Farm, at Horam in Sussex, for the weigh-in at Jack Solomons' gymnasium off Piccadilly—and all but ran into death-on-the-road.

A gas-happy motorcyclist pulled across the front of the Cockell car at East Grinstead, and only a swift application of brakes by Cowd averted an accident.

Cockell weighed in at 14st. 9lb., made curt acknowledgements to the back-stabbers, turned back-slayers, and left for a lunch of steak and raw cabbage (he hates the stuff) in his hideaway at Kensington.

Useful thing, a hideaway on the afternoon of the greatest night of your life, and I am not revealing its location. Suffice to say that Don Cockell has a very good friend in a sailor-turned-publican called Len Rollins.

Good report

Some fighters deck themselves with rainbow pants and eye-catching dressing-gowns for a championship fight, but any sartorial embellishments Cockell might have fancied for the all-important Williams bout had long since been destroyed by Bob, the family retriever.

Bob, now deceased, had chewed up four robes and a new raincoat in one wild wardrobe orgy, and left his master with nothing more resplendent than the ancient blue gown with which he began his career as a preliminary fighter at £8 a show.

Battle plans? Cockell had beaten and been beaten by Williams back in his apprentice days—and he knew the score. "Johnny was good—but vulnerable, especially if you could catch him quickly," says Cockell. "So I trained to be first with the left hand, and that's the way it went. He cut me up pretty badly, but not until after I had got to work and earned a few points."

That is as good a report of Cockell v. Williams as you will get. They hammered it out for the full 15 rounds, but it was the first three punches in the first 30 seconds that revealed to us ringers that Don Cockell was ready for the purple heights of championship class all over again.

All left-handers. A hook to the ear, two more to a wide open mouth—and Williams had lost the initiative . . . back-peddling, hesitant, at pains to avoid in-fighting, and with a championship fast slipping from his hold. A lesser man would have quit.

Williams's left eye, Cockell's nose and mouth, Williams's right eye, Cockell's left eye, Cockell's right eye. Everything goes. Patchwork in the corners. Frantic unloading by the layers of odds.

Champagne

Don Cockell is in roistering mood, paying off old scores against the world, and falling flat on his face in his eagerness to finish the affair with one mighty swipe in round 13.

"I was in a hell of a mess when we came up for the last round," says Cockell. "I had been doing all right but Johnny had caught me with some pretty good punches. I could see practically nothing. My right eye was cut and my left eye completely closed—I never opened it for two weeks."

"All I knew was that the blob in front of me was Johnny Williams, and that it only I could hit it and hold it for three more minutes I'd have that title."

Cockell, eyes or no eyes, held out. They sang the bell, they wiped away the stains of battle, they flourished the Lousdale Belt, they put stitches in the wounds, and they labelled the new champion as a threat to the whole wide world.

"Anything else?" I asked Cockell.

"Yes. You might mention that we had champagne in the dressing-room—and that the reporters drank it."

H'm.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The greatest day in the life of Ryder Cup golfer DAI REES



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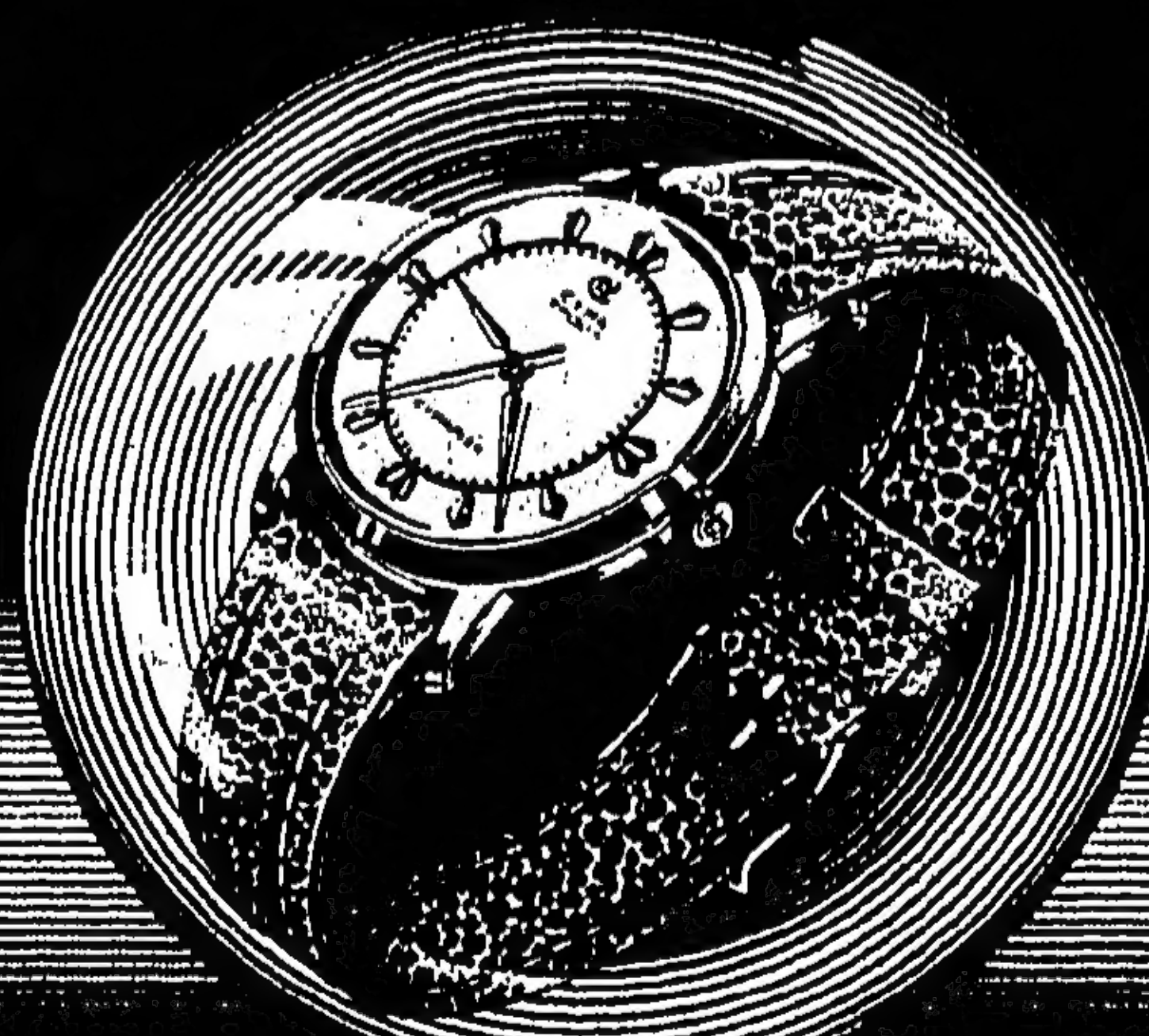
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INTO THE TWILIGHT WORLD

THE squat little medium stood and looked us over. In front of her a candle glowed luminously.

Near it were other symbols—a gilt Buddha, the Star of David, a coloured bust of Gandhi. We were sitting, waiting for the dead to talk, in the dark room of a Victorian house in Kensington.

Now the lights were dimmed. In a corner the well-dressed lady organist had hushed her chords. Everything was silent, except for a gas fire's steady hiss.

Suddenly the medium moved over the gilt Buddha and began delivering messages from the dead. She pointed to a grey-haired woman in front of me: "There's a man here, quite well built, he says you will know him, friend."

The medium's hand went to her throat. "I have a choking feeling. I think he must have been breathing hard just before he passed on." In front of me the green hat looked eagerly.

Casual manner

THE messages continued. The little medium did not go into a trance. Her kindly, half-cockney twang was leaning down the barriers of time and the grave. But it was so casual it might have been bringing news of a friend's death.

"A grey-haired lady here, friend. Your mother, is it? Well, she is saying 'All the best. Take care of yourself.'"

Outside the February night was bitterly cold. But up and down the country in draughty halls, in shabby parlours, similar meetings were taking place. At some, pet dogs and cats were brought along to be healed by spirit power. At others, the spirits themselves appeared, vague hovering faces in the dark, or voice trumpets were jerked to and fro by unseen hands; or a dead child lisped out of empty blackness to its parents.

Such things are as old as the earth. When shadows from man's first fire flickered along the cave, there was already talk about ghosts and spirits. Even today nearly every household has its private experience of premonitions, of dreams come true, of rappings which were heard just under uncle's desk.

But Spiritualism, spreading from nineteenth-century America, has swept all these experiences into a huge religion. It has its own sects, its own hymns. It counts the famous and shrewd—such as Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, such as Hannen Swaffer—among its believers.

And, though like any other movement, it has its dupes, it is only rarely powered by the money-motive. As a religion it gives comfort to millions in return for little more than peace on a collection plate.

The question

YET let us forget the religious beliefs of Spiritualists. Let us forget, too, all the enterprises which their religion pulsates along behind it. Forget the art studios which specialise in spirit portraits, the factories which make spirit trumpets ("humorous, aluminium, 21s.").

Look instead at the pillar on which the whole structure has been built. Look at the central question—Do the dead return to talk with the living?

What scientifically is the evidence for this belief? That has been the first aim of this present inquiry. Is there any hard reason for supposing that in those darkened rooms the dead return and talk? The question need not concern religion. Assume the answer is No. The negative does not deny the Christian belief in eternal life—for that, in the opinion of many orthodox Christians, is something quite different from the shadowy life of the seance room. Yet there are thousands of people, not Spiritualists, who cannot confidently answer No.

We all know the friend who went along to a seance just for the fun of it. He noticed the

Research—the case of Sir Edmund Hornby.

Sir Edmund had been Chief Judge in a British consular court abroad. When he returned from his tour of duty he brought back important evidence for the psychic researchers.

In concise legal phrases he told how he used to allow a local editor to call at his house to collect written judgments for that day. Then one evening the editor failed to call. Before he went to bed Sir Edmund handed the judgments to his butler in case the editor came later.

During the night Sir Edmund was woken by a knock at his

Comments one investigator. "It is more likely that he did have a vision of the dead reporter, but the other striking details were added bit by bit until his memory of the affair had become completely false."

But a trick of memory cannot explain some far stranger episodes in the annals of psychic research.

It cannot account for the disturbing case of the Reverend John Whitman, who died in 1916. A Miss Thorpe

The scientists move in to find what happens...

When the dead seem to talk to us

flat vagueness of the medium's messages, he noticed how she groped blantly for clues. Then, suddenly, amidst a stream of generalities supposedly from his dead father, she blurted out a tiny detail.

It was trivial, of course—something, say, about a patterned watch strap which the old man used to wear. Yet ever since our friend has kept wondering: "Was it a coincidence? Or was this really my father?"

What is the reaction of the scientific researchers to this kind of experience? What is the reaction of the men who descend on a haunted house with infra-red cameras and tapes?

While other scientists have been penetrating the atom, how far have they penetrated into the twilight world—the world where the dead seem to talk, where the daylight laws of physics are oddly ignored?

The research workers always profess their answer with a warning. They point out that most of the evidence is, in any case, nothing like so remarkable as it looks at first.

A widow attends a seance. She learns from the medium how her husband thanks her for the flowers which she placed in his coffin, how he wants her to give up all plans for selling their house, how he has been thinking about one or two little incidents from the past—such as the time on holiday when they lost their keys.

If it is accurate, such information will impress a bereaved woman more than the experienced investigator who knows that it could apply to half the widows in the country. And it is not only fond relatives who make the investigator wary.

The twilight world has a warping effect on the evidence of the most distinguished people. Look at an early case from the files of the Society for Psychical

Research—the case of Sir Edmund Hornby.

Sir Edmund had been Chief Judge in a British consular court abroad. When he returned from his tour of duty he brought back important evidence for the psychic researchers.

In concise legal phrases he told how he used to allow a local editor to call at his house to collect written judgments for that day. Then one evening the editor failed to call. Before he went to bed Sir Edmund handed the judgments to his butler in case the editor came later.

During the night Sir Edmund was woken by a knock at his door. It was the editor. Sir Edmund directed him to the butler, but the man still entered the bedroom and walked to the foot of Sir Edmund's bed.

His face was terribly pale. He pleaded to be given the judgments by word of mouth. Eventually Sir Edmund agreed, and the pale-faced editor took some notes and left. The time was then half past one.

At this point Lady Hornby woke, believing she had heard voices, and her husband told her what had happened.

Next morning he learned that the editor had never left his own house during the night.

He had been found at his desk, dead of a heart attack, at 1.30 a.m. The last entry in his notebook, the heading "Judgments."

The Research Society's committee found Sir Edmund's evidence especially impressive. With his life-long legal training he could obviously distinguish facts from fancy.

Much less impressive was the sequel. Later in the same year a Mr F. H. Balfour wrote from China, where Sir Edmund had been Chief Judge.

He supplied some more facts about the editor's death. The records showed that the editor had not died in the night, but between eight and nine in the morning. He could not have been worrying about judgments for the previous day because on that day there had been no judgments.

And the corroboration by Lady Hornby? At the time there had been no Lady Hornby either. Sir Edmund did not get married until three months later.

What was Sir Edmund's response to this disclosure? The poor old man could only admit that his memory had deceived him. Was he a conscious fraud? It is not likely that he made up a story which could be so easily disproved.

was practising the technique known as "automatic writing" at her home. Sitting inertly, with eyes light shut, she let her pen scribble aimlessly over the paper in front of her. The writing which resulted she believed to be inspired by a friend who had been killed in France.

Other questions followed. What was your name? "Whitman, John Whitman." What did you do? "I would have saved myself at the expense of another." What was your work here? "I taught the Word."

A clergyman? "Yes." Then came the final question: Tell me where you died. Faintly the pencil wrote "London."

What could resolve this puzzle? How could a clergyman try to save himself at someone else's expense? And if

he died in London, why did he have no grave?

The Thorpe family made inquiries at the college which had been mentioned. They discovered that a John Whitman had taken Holy Orders there.

And the name of the ship itself? It was the *ss* London.

Finally, turn to the strangest incident in the casebook of Mrs

On this particular evening, however, the handwriting suddenly altered. And in the altered style it spelled out: "Fear led me to do a very evil thing. I cannot forgive myself."

Next, the name of a college was scrawled. Another person in the room asked: "When did you die?" The hand wrote: "I died about—so long ago I think about 50 years. I had no grave."

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IT STARTS TODAY—the story of dramatic new advances in Man's endeavour to solve the riddle of the Unknown



Drawn by ROBB

yond, would introduce, departed spirits.

Thus, on an autumn day 20 years ago, while the afternoon sun still shone into the room, the investigators sat waiting.

Leaning back in her armchair, Mrs Garrett was yawning repeatedly. Then tears started to trickle down her face. Next her lips began to move, and finally a strange sing-song voice broke through them. "I give you greeting, friends," it said. It was the guide, Uvani, himself.

The atmosphere grew hush. Uvani indicated that a spirit guest was hovering unseen near the group. "I see for the moment..." he began, and started to spell out a name. The listeners sat forward in their chairs. But it was not Conan Doyle's name which followed. "I-r-v-i-n-e," said Uvani, "or I-r-w-l-n."

Who was this unexpected visitor? The tense listeners were not left in doubt much longer. Suddenly the Uvani sing-song died away in Mrs Garrett's throat and the voice of an Englishman—the voice, apparently, of Irwin himself—burst out impatiently instead.

The voice was jerky, sturred, difficult to follow. "Fabric's all waterlogged," it insisted desperately. "Ship's nose is down. Impossible to raise, cannot trim..."

A disaster

IN an instant the whole thing fitted together. On the previous Sunday, just over two days before the Great British ship, R101, foundering through gusts of driving rain, had jerked to earth and exploded in the night in Northern France, in raging flames 40 men died, including the ship's captain. The captain's name? Flight-Lieutenant H. C. Irwin.

While the flitters pieced these facts together the desperate voice was keeping up its monologue a few feet away in the darkening room.

A torrent of technicalities spouted out. The sturred voice spoke incessantly of "starboard strakes" of "disposable lift," of "cruising altitude" and "bore capacity." "Two hours tried to rise," it protested, "but elevator jammed. Almost scraped the roofs at Achy."

What can explain this extraordinary seance? Was it an unintentional fake? Did Mrs Garrett, with news of the disaster jangling in her mind, unconsciously reproduce details which she had seen in the press? It is true that the newspapers had been agog with the R101 tragedy. Yet up to that Tuesday afternoon there had been no technical account in any paper of how the tragedy could have been caused.

Well-informed

AND, unlike the newspapers, the Irwin voice which spoke through Mrs Garrett was found to be amazingly well-informed. A transcript of the message was later passed to the chairman of the public inquiry. Although there was no official comment, an officer at the RAF airship station at Cardington privately revealed that nine-tenths of the information and comment poured out by the Irwin voice was either accurate or else "most likely."

Another expert declared that some of the technicalities were known to only a handful of officials, of whom Flight-Lieutenant Irwin was one.

"And people who knew Irwin added a personal detail. His speech, they said, was often jerky, sturred, difficult to follow."

What occurred on that autumn afternoon? Did Irwin really return from the dead? Or what other solution can be offered when mediums blurt out facts which are far beyond the normal reach of their own minds?

NEXT SATURDAY: Can Telepathy Explain This Phenomenon?

I BELIEVE IN 'BULL'

By ROBERT FINDLAY

THEY WANT TO SCRAP IT—BUT THEY'RE WRONG I TELL YOU... IT MAKES AN ARMY OF MEN....

Bull, the commodity that the Army legend says baffles brains, is in the air again. MPs ask questions about it. Young soldiers write home complaining about it. But is it altogether a bad thing? One with considerable experience of Bull, thinks not. This is why:—

I BELIEVED in Bull. Bull is a fine thing. Bull to me is the wonderful discipline imposed on a body of men when survival depends on a command being obeyed—instantly.

I have had Bull. I had it in Catterick Camp when Bull was at its height in 1940. I did not appreciate it one bit at the time, but it saved my reason. Saved thousands of lives too.

My son has had experience of Bull. He did his National Service in Catterick and then Malaya. I was not frightened for him in the second place because he had been in the first.

I'll tell you a story.

I SCRUB

OUR tank landing craft was doing the run-in to the beaches of Salerno in Italy at 11 plus 30 minutes. The first wave was ashore. The enemy was alerted.

I looked round at the troops of 50 London Division. Grim, scared, apprehensive, determined, hoping their manhood would not fail them.

"Ramp down" was the cry, and as it fell the first shell struck the craft.

It was then that I blessed Catterick Camp, and all its Bull, for the discipline it imposed on the troops in that

craft ready to disembark. It needed only one man to panic and trucks, armoured cars, and all the rest would be running into the narrow jaws of the craft.

It needed only one fool to disobey the landing drill for the beach to be clogged with men and vehicles, a sitting target for Panzers not far away.

YOU SCRUB

BUT no one disobeyed. Bull did that. Now you know why I wasn't afraid for my son....

I remember early one morning when I lumbered out on sick parade at Catterick. I was going to collect respirator glasses, but the R.S.M. slopped me. He condemned me to three nights potato bashing because I had not a small kit for hospital, and I traced his genealogy back to Genghis Khan.

As I scrubbed barrack-room furniture, white-washed the backs of the stoves for a brigadier's inspection, an spent hours bashing my boots till they shone like patent leather I reviled the world, the war, the hopelessness of it all.

Thousands were this same as I was. Civilians steeped in self-pity. Civilians who could not have survived seven

days in an orchard. Civilians who did not know that victory in war goes to the man who can hold on one minute longer than the other.

And this thing called Bull makes you do that. It makes you obey the word of command. And, believe me, you can't wage war with conferences on whether to advance or retreat.

HE SCRUBS

ALL right, they will tell you that the Americans had less Bull than we had in the last war. We did assaults in divisional strength for which our Bull-less Allies needed a corps.

It was the Bull of Catterick, of Aldershot, of Salisbury that steered men to obey and not to be found wanting when the big moment came.

I think Field-Marshal Montgomery once said: "War is 99 per cent waiting and one per cent action...." something like that.

So unless you keep men keyed up during those weary

THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN IT

MAJOR ROBERT FINDLAY, Royal Signals, served in Combined Operations Command throughout the war, took part in assault operations in the Western Desert, Italy, Burma, and Malaya.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

PARIS GOES CRAZY

The main styles from the fashion centre of the world are relatively sober this year... until you take a peep at another side of the business

NINETEEN FIFTY-SIX is Crazy Year in Paris — at least as far as accessories are concerned. The look in general is lady-like, refined and quietly elegant—Parisians call it the "Grace Kelly look" — but it is offset by a touch of craziness in hats, in handbags and in shoes. And there are other crazee ideas in this idea-packed city as well. There are the Pass-in-Boots shoes, made of a new rubberised fabric called Scrolatex. High-heeled shoes extend into stocking-length tights and can be worn rolled down or up above the knee. Parisians are changing their shoe boots for these lighter, buckle-trimmed shoes. Or what about using a travelling dog kennel as a bag-cum-shopping basket. That's what Madame Fath is showing in the Fath boutique. Other bags are made of coconut fibre and mounted on bamboo frames. Plain neck-lines are set off with rows and rows of wooden beads... parasols are matched up with sweaters made of red and white flit lace... other parasols have handles which imitate thick rose stems, plus thorns and are topped with a frill of pink rose petals. And beach hats are the crazee-est yet.

High-crowned, wide-brimmed hats made of brightly coloured, paper-fine straw are swathed round with matching chiffon through which an enormous, jewel-set Spanish comb is thrust.

HOLLYHOCKS

Others are trimmed with topping spires made of life-sized hollyhocks and more than life-sized poppies, or with oranges that look as if they had come straight out of a Californian orange grove.

A round, straw bag appliqued with half-oranges goes with this one. Now that one-piece swim suits have replaced bikinis, Paris designers have thought out a way of combining a tanned midriff with a one-piece suit. They do it by linking up pantes and bra made of flowered cotton with a wide elasticised corset, specially woven so that the sun's rays will go through.

And as play-suits, they've borrowed ideas from costumes worn by clowns and pierrots. Made in striped or diamond-patterned cottons, these circus outfits are meant for South of France beaches this Summer.

Men are not left out of it in this Paris ideas race. Giot, famous hatter in the Place Vendôme, has launched the "Sherlock Holmes cap" for men. This is made in palest banana-coloured velvet — it is waterproofed — and they are paired with similar caps made for little boys so that father and son will be hatted alike this Spring. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

— Betty Wilson



CRAZEE... as a clown. Monsieur Henry a la Pennee dressed this one up. It is a play-suit... due to be seen on the Riviera later this year.

IT'S A SHOE
IT'S A BOOT
IT'S A STOCKING



CRAZEE... but true. These are shower shoes that can roll up above the knees depending on the weather.



CRAZEE... but clever. Madame's bag is a wicker travelling kennel plus purse. Toy poodles now traverse Paris in comfortable safety. If you do not see much of Madame it is because she is on guard against the freckle danger. Both ideas come from Genevieve Fath.

At a recent show in London, the umbrella is seen as A Future Fashion Accessory

London THE English "gentleman" has long been known the world over for his smartly rolled, ubiquitous umbrella. Often, this umbrella is joked about. Sometimes it is even ridiculed. But everywhere it is recognised as the hallmark of its owner from whom it is never separated.

Now, if the umbrella makers have their way, women of

fashion will be just as inseparable from an umbrella as their husbands.

Umbrellas of every shape and size for every occasion, from early morning to late at night, for men, women and children—but mostly for women—and for all weathers, were featured at London's first umbrella show.

In the past, umbrellas have been regarded by women as purely utilitarian accessories, designed to protect them, often rather inadequately, from the ravages of either rain or sun.

In future, the umbrella is to become as much a part of every smart woman's wardrobe as her handbag or her gloves.

The latest umbrellas are novel as well as useful. They may match your outfit or contrast with it. They may extend over that new evening dress a luxurious canopy of cloth of gold trimmed with mink, or over the summer Ascot dress a pagoda-like structure in lace, printed cotton or schirred chiffon.

There are 12-inch long telescopic umbrellas, in sequin-embroidered cases, designed especially for the handbag. There are ordinary size umbrellas of woven nylon in pastel shades, of black cobweb lace interwoven with a glistening silver thread and complete with a velvet black window spider with glass eyes, harlequin striped cotton, and of white broderie anglaise reminiscent of grandmother's petticoat.

FOR THE WEDDING

There are umbrellas covered with pleated nylon frills, with flowers—carnations or water lilies—or white nylon lace over ice blue tulle.

Unmindful of the old proverb "happy the bride that the sun shines on", there is even a wedding umbrella in white satin with a bunch of white lilies-of-the-valley on top.

One is decked with coloured balls all up the centre spike and on each point round the rim. Another, in black and white striped cotton, has a fringe of black cotton bobbles. Yet others are edged with matching, gilt or silver braid and even narrow lace.

One looks like a mushroom. Another is turned upwards to accommodate a bed of water lilies. A third is simply Lady Hamilton's picture hat complete with a narrow band of yellow pleated velvet round the crown.

Some are long and slim. Some are shorter and fatter. Many have amusing covers with petal-shape corners, of "cuffs" in astrakhan or mink. Some of the covers are embroidered with sequins, rhinestones and pearls.

Handles are hooked, looped, crooked, straight, or just bent. Some are in plastic, some in fluorescent perspex; others are in tortoiseshell, leather, or wood. One is in the shape of an elephant's head. Many have shepherd's crooks. Some are finished with flowers or studded with diamonds.

A magnifying mirror on the end of the handle of a green one in much-ruched silk enables the owner to keep watch on all — unnoticed.

A DITTY

And, after the musical fob, comes the musical umbrella. A tiny musical box concealed in the end of the handle enters into the owner with a tune whenever she feels like it. Finally, there is the new ditty of the umbrella-makers to warn all women who tend to leave their umbrellas lying about: "The rain it raineth every day, 'On the just and unjust folk, 'But chiefly on the just, 'Because the unjust has plucked the just's umbrella." —China Mail Special.

All That Glitters May Not Clean Well

Silver Springs, Md. ALL that gold and silver-plated lingerie of the holiday season poses a first rate problem for the cleaning industry.

The National Institute of Dry Cleaning warned women not to expect the impossible from these garments. The Institute says they can be dry-cleaned or hand-wet-cleaned if the garment design permits. Protect the garment from lipstick or other spot or stain. Most of the materials used by a commercial spotter in a dry-cleaning plant to take out heavy stains also will remove the gold or silver-coloured particles from the fabric knit base.

If you want to press a gold-plated hoker, blouse or slip at home, press on the wrong side with the iron set for acetate. United Press.

OLD WIVES' TALES AND FISH STORIES

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

WHY they should be, called old wives' tales, I will never know. They are not confined to old wives, not indeed to wives. Many an old-fashioned spinster has done her share in perpetuating the evil of old wives' tales.

At one time there was considerable warrant for some of the stories because the things that happened to women bearing children were pretty horrible. The difficulty is that superstitions and old wives' tales about pregnancy and childbirth do not disappear as science progresses and justification for such stories ceases.

The younger mother-to-be will not be cheered by being told that after having a baby she will never be the same; that she will lose her charm and begin to get old; that she will suffer unspeakable pain; that terrible things will happen to her in the delivery room.

Most of these things in this modern age are just not so. The painful ordeal of childbirth, while not entirely eliminated, has been

greatly reduced by many means ranging from anaesthesia through so-called natural childbirth to hypnosis.

Not only has pain been minimised, but so has danger. This in itself is sufficiently dramatic, but along with the saving in lives there are a good many other benefits.

• • •

The loss of attractiveness, particularly as to figure, is minimised by modern obstetrical practice in which weight gain is controlled, scientific supports are provided, and muscle tone is maintained during pregnancy and after the baby is born. The injuries and damage to the genital organs is minimised by more skilled obstetrics and the aftermath of childbirth is no longer chronic ill health and loss of the sexual functions.

The disappointments in lost babies faced by the expectant mothers of previous generations have been

reduced until most pregnancies now may confidently be expected to result in a healthy baby and a healthy and happy mother.

Except for the actual birth the modern husband now shares the responsibilities which go along with expectant parenthood and its realisation. Less and less does the expectant mother have to face her pregnancy alone while her husband goes about his business and his social life as if nothing had happened.

The old wives' tales have been compared to fish stories. Perfectly honest and reliable men are known to be completely unbelievable when they talk about the fish they have caught. Perfectly truthful women may exaggerate stories about childbirth, or build them up for dramatic effect without intending to do harm. Yet they may do great injury to the expectant mother by disturbing her emotionally and thus medical supervision is the surest way to this highly-vision, where there should be a calm relaxation and confidence.

Many women have experienced a greater state of wellbeing and "feeling good" during pregnancy than at any other time. Perhaps this is due in a large part to the growing habit of continuous prenatal care beginning with the earliest onset of pregnancy and continuing straight through. Disregarding old wives' tales and relying on her emotionally and thus medical supervision is the surest way to this highly-vision, where there should be a calm relaxation and confidence.

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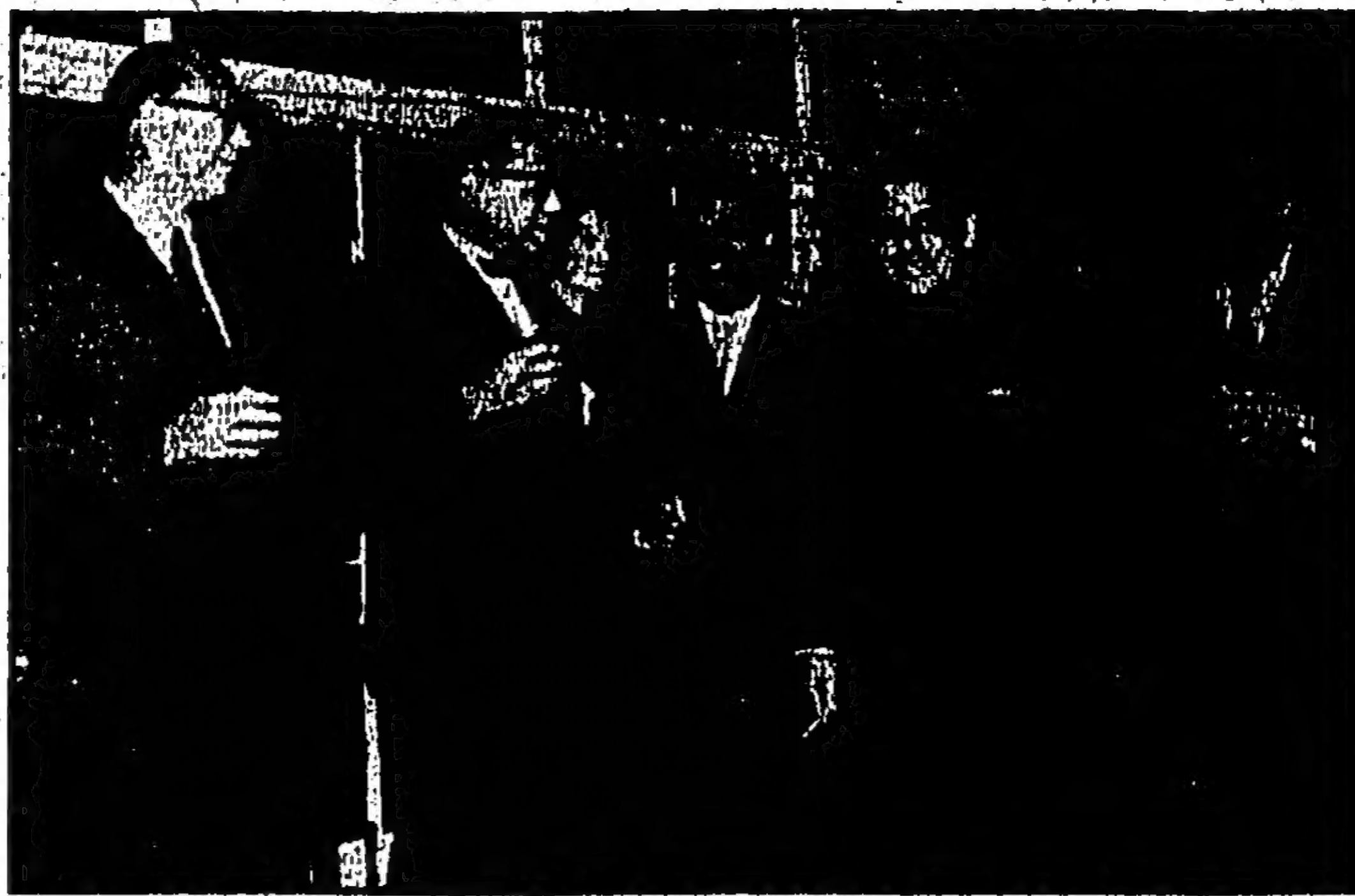
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GIVE HIM
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ST John University past students singing the song of their alma mater at the dinner on Tuesday of alumni of Christian universities in China. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who spoke during the evening, is seen on the right talking to Dr Liang Sun. (Staff Photographer)



AT the reception given by the Indian Commissioner in Hongkong, Mr B. P. Adarkar, for Mr R. K. Nehru, Indian Ambassador to Peking. From left: Mr J. J. Cowperthwaite, Dr W. J. Cator, Mr Adarkar, Mr Nehru and Mr D. P. Sarin. (Staff Photographer)



MR Yao Hsin-nung, author of the play, "Beauty of Beauties," produced for the Arts Festival, with the two principals, Miss Yiu Min in the role of the beauty Shih Hsi, and Lo Wei as Wu Wang. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual dinner of St Joseph's College Old Boys' Association. Upper picture shows Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, Mr F. M. Castro and the Hon. Dhun Rutonjee. In lower photo: Mr A. G. de Jesus shakes hands with Bro. John, a former headmaster, with Mr H. A. de Barros Botelho in centre. (Staff Photographer)



MR Kwok Wai-chiu, son of the Hon. and Mrs Kwok Chan, with his bride, Miss Mary Mo-ching Wong, at their wedding reception at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: The Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, Col. L. T. Ride, visited the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at training camp on Stonecutters Island on Tuesday. Scene in the mess hall. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss B. E. Moses, Colony Trainer, Girl Guides Association, inspecting Salvation Army Scouts and Guides on parade last Sunday. On right is Lt-Col F. E. Jewkes of the Salvation Army. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Two trophies—the President's Cup and the Lam Chi-fung Cup—make a big armful for this representative of St Paul's Boys' College Choir, and one of the stands drops off. Mrs D.J.S. Crozier, who presented prizes at the Schools' Music Festival prizewinners' concert, bends to help. (Staff Photographer)

ON Thursday, the Diocesan Boys' School beat the Diocesan Girls' School in Radio Hongkong's Inter-Schools Quiz. The teams, left to right: Janet Cunningham, Amy Cheng, June Cheng and Shirley Pan; Reginald Tsang, Richard Itenson, Alec Itenson and Cheng Sze-wang. (Staff Photographer)



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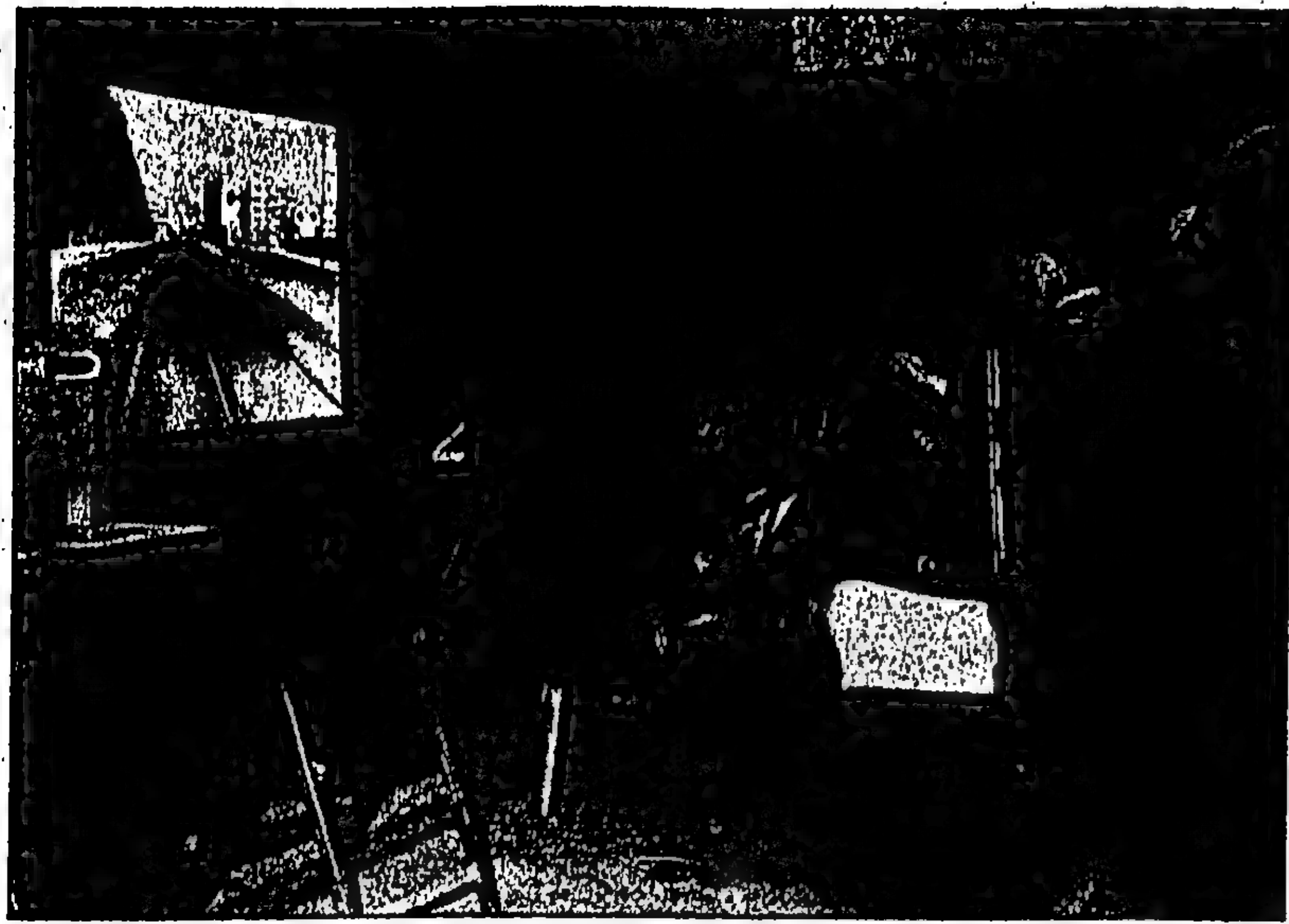
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TRYING out the speed reaction tester at the Traffic Exhibition is the Acting Commissioner of Police, Mr K. A. Bldmead. (Staff Photographer)



MR J. H. Bottomley (left) shaking hands with a colleague after a presentation made to him at the Public Works Department last week. Mr Bottomley, Chief Building Surveyor, is retiring after 32 years' service. (Staff Photographer)



LADY Grantham at St Stephen's Girls' College on Wednesday, when she laid the foundation stone of its Jubilee Building. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs Robert Pope congratulating her husband after he won the 10,000 metres at the HKAAA championships at Caroline Hill last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Lawrence Kadoorie presenting prizes at the annual speech day of Ellis Kadoorie A.M. School. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs S. S. Knowles in conversation with Mr Wm Randolph Hearst, Jr, the American newspaper magnate, at a cocktail party last week at the Correspondents' Club. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Rear Admiral A. R. Pedder, Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers, explaining the purpose of "Operation Monsoon" to pressmen aboard HMS Albion. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Group at the Registry after the marriage last Saturday of Mr Young Wah-kam, of the South China Morning Post, Ltd., and Miss Choy Ching-han. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Tony Liang and Edwin Tsai (left) beat Fung Moon and Ip Koon-hung last week to take the Colony doubles tennis crown. Ip earlier retained his singles title against Tsai. (Staff Photographer)



THE 24 Field Engineer Regiment, RE, team which beat the North Staffordshire Regiment to win the Hongkong zone final for the Caldbeck Cup. (William Chong)

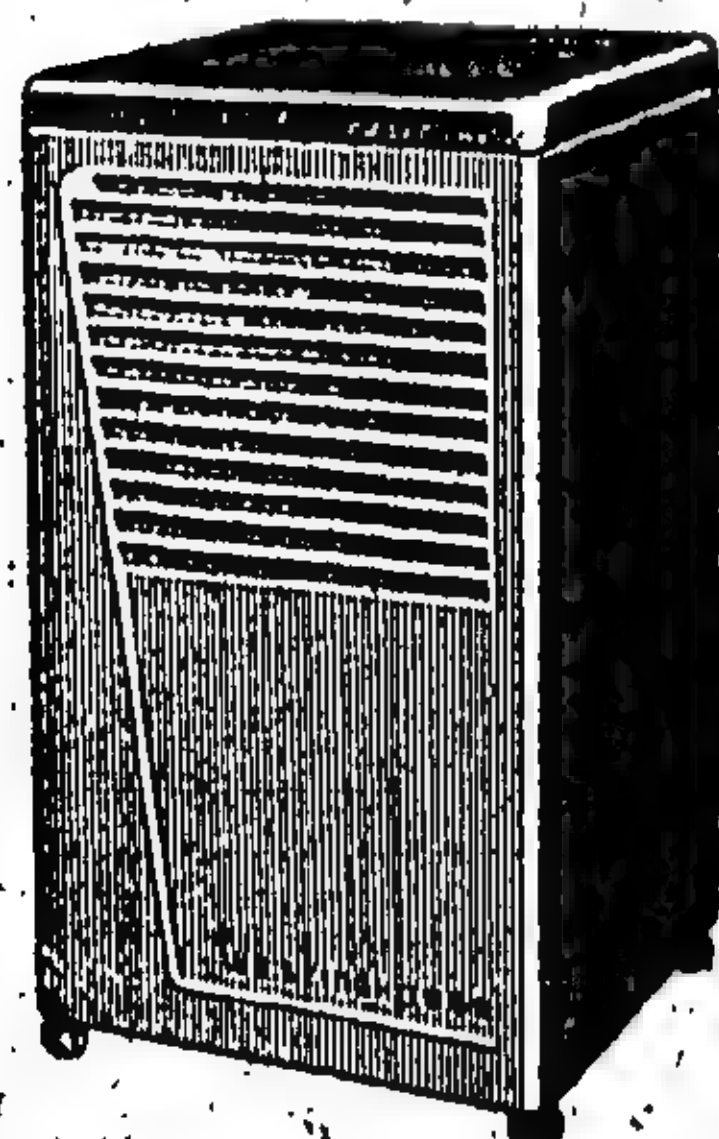


THE visiting Mohun Bagan football team from India taking the field at the Hongkong Stadium. They convincingly won two of the three matches they played here. (Staff Photographer)

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IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

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HUSSEIN'S DESPERATE GAMBLE

By Les Armour

THE Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan is a creation of power politics: a tiny plot of rolling arable country surrounded by a sprawling arid steppe.

It exists because it bisects Arabia. It stands between the oil-swellled greed of Saudi Arabia and the volatile nationalism of Syria, between the uneasy nationalism of Israel and the wrath of the rest of Arabia.

It is valuable as a vantage place for keeping the peace. Together with almost equally artificial Iraq, it forms part of a wedge which bisects Arabia from the Israeli borders to Persia.

It has remained inviolable because it has had the British Legion.

But the most astute of politicians may sometimes forget that a state is not just a patch of land. On that patch of land there are a million and a half people.

There are Arab refugees from Israel—nearly half-a-million of them. There are wandering tribesmen and peasants who wrest a precarious living from the soil.

Things In Common

THEY have only two things in common—the fact that they are Arabs and the fact that they recognise a common King, 21-year-old Hussein.

They are not concerned much with power politics. The 500,000 refugees spoil to destroy Israel—they know not how, but any way will satisfy them. The rest thirst for the good things they do not have—for more water, houses with furniture, an extra wife.

They are open to suggestion. Anyone who can tell them why they are not as rich as other men, and show a way in which they can be as rich as other men, is sure of a hearing.

Men with such tales include the agents of a certain King Saud from nearby Saudi Arabia. These men do not explain that Jordan is poor because sand is

not oil. They explain that Jordan is poor because attachments to Britain are not independence.

Over it all the youthful Hussein presides with seemingly unflinching calm. There has been trouble. But when there was trouble there was a certain Glubb Pasha and the Arab Legion. And the Arab Legion could, at least, bring peace.

Now there is no Glubb Pasha. And one day there may be no Arab Legion. And then there must be civil war.

Still the young Hussein sits unruffled. Hussein is betting on a dream.

But let us begin at the beginning. Hussein first met the world at Harrow, Harrow, where he suddenly had to polish his own boots and make his bed, Harrow where he was just another boy among boys, Harrow where once men were trained to go out and build empires.

Sandhurst Cadet

YOU might have thought that the grandson of the King of Jordan—a boy who even then, was the heir presumptive to the throne of Jordan—might have found life hard at a school where boys are taught first self-reliance, second their duty to the community, and third Greek, lots of Greek.

But it was not so by all accounts.

The young Hussein took to Harrow, and Harrow took to the young Hussein.

He thrived there, and, when he left, he had not had enough. The old King was assassinated and Hussein's father could not rule. He suffered from a serious mental illness.

Hussein was the heir. He was not yet 18 and so, by Jordan law, he could not rule. But even so, he was a Field-Marshal of the Arab Legion.

Yet at the moment he was plain Private Hussein at Sandhurst. Britain's military academy. He was there because he wanted to be there.

He was just another cadet. He was treated like any other cadet.

THE BAGHDAD PACT is an alliance of Britain, Turkey, Iraq, Persia, and Pakistan. It is designed to close the Middle East to Soviet expansion. The five member Governments have pledged themselves "to defend their territories against aggression or subversion and to promote the welfare of the peoples of the region." The 1950 declaration by Britain, America and France pledges action by them inside or outside the United Nations to prevent the frontiers of Israel and her Arab neighbours being altered by force.

The bulman stayed elsewhere, at the Jordan Club.

But sometimes you could see them together. That was when they dined together in some quiet restaurant. Hussein was no autocrat.

Again, Sandhurst liked Hussein (his fellow cadets called him "Hus") and Hussein liked Sandhurst. The officers said he would make a fine soldier. They did not know about the business of king-making at Sandhurst, but British officers are taught wise and humane rule as well as deadly aim, and they thought he might make a king too.

Hussein said he wanted to stay on at Sandhurst because he liked the "British way of life." When he graduated, he went home and he was crowned King of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan—Al-Mamlakah Al Hashimiyah Al Urduniyah.

His Dreams

HE went from his tiny room at Sandhurst to a palace. It is a small palace (just 15 rooms), and he lived quietly in it with his collection of jazz records. It was and is one of the world's best collection of jazz records.

He learned to fly jet airplanes. He talked strategy with John Bagot Glubb. He drilled the Arab Legion now and then.

He listened to John Glubb when Glubb told him he must above all keep peace on his Israeli border. He must not provoke trouble. He must not be too quick to respond to provocation.

And Hussein also dreamed. He dreamed of irrigation for the waters of the Jordan—of fertilising deserts of finding employment for the tens of thousands of refugees, his biggest liability, and of raising the living standards of the rest of his people.

He dreamed, too, of a democracy that would work, that would be a model for the states of Arabia. Gradually he transferred more and more powers (not formally but factually) to the elected parliament, and took care in his appointments to the Senate, which is under his direct control.

He had support—and money—from his British allies. It looked as though his dream might come true, and he was happy.

Brave Too

HE was brave, too. When there were riots in Old Jerusalem, he went there personally and walked openly through the streets in which his grandfather had been assassinated.

But there were troubles. The irrigation schemes were slow in materialising. The Israelis, too, had an interest in Jordan, and if you took the Jordan side, you would have said they were downright unco-operative.

Outside, the tide of Arab nationalism was growing. Jordan was poor compared with Saudi Arabia, timid compared with Nasser's Egypt and its promise of social revolution followed by heaven on earth.

Saudi agents, Egyptian nationalists, Soviet diplomats and "black" tribes played on the Jordanian mind, and on the Jordanian pocket. It was a desperate gamble for Hussein. He may win. Even Glubb hopes he does.

Government Sacked

BUT the outside world moved faster and faster. Czech runs emboldened Nasser's tension mounted on the Israeli border. Why refugees asked why Hussein did not move. The poor asked, again and again, why they could not be rich like the Saudis.

Hussein's democratic parliament was not very experienced. It, too, began to grow uneasy. Then there was the Bagdad Pact. Hussein saw it as a buffer between him and Arab nationalism, between him and whatever it was that the Russians were planning.

The uneasy among his people saw it as another excuse to use Jordan as a tool. They forgot that Jordan could survive principally because she was a vital part in the Western defence scheme, a stronghold in an area on the verge of chaos.

The government rebelled. Hussein sacked the government and tried again.

Saudi-Arabia promised big bribes if he would give in and break with Britain. Feeling grew more and more inflamed. At length Hussein had to give in—for the moment.

Big Question

BUT his opposition, having won a round, was determined not to give in. That was when Hussein determined—determined on his own—to fight back.

He sacked Glubb and announced the "Jordanisation" of his army. He proved himself to be the power in the land and to be more nationalist than the nationalists themselves.

They had intrigued, but they had never tried openly to get rid of Glubb.

Having established his point, he turned round and advised his politicians to join the Bagdad Pact after all.

The manoeuvre may have won. It silenced the men in the cafes who said that Hussein was weak—not a patch on the old Amir. It stilled the men who said Hussein was nothing but a British agent.

But the question is: will Britain, standing under the stars of Glubb's dismissal, continue to give Hussein their backing? Will the money still come? Can the Legion stand on its own?

When You Wonder If You're 'Chesty'

AS I came through the door of the bedroom I noticed the smell of camphor liniment which, no doubt, Mrs Sherwood had rubbed on her son's chest. And there was a steam kettle going also. On the bedside table there was the bottle of brown medicine I had left last time I called. It was almost empty. "Oh, he's much better, Doctor," Mrs Sherwood said. "His cough has almost gone."

Young Leo Sherwood had neglected a bad cold. His cold had lowered his resistance, with the result that he had a catarrhal inflammation of the tubes. Quite a nasty attack of acute bronchitis. In fact, and Mrs Sherwood had been very worried.

Still, she need not have been so anxious. After all, bronchitis is the commonest illness of the respiratory tract, and people get over it in nine days or so. True, in infants and in feeble elderly people there is the particularly danger that the smaller tubes become blocked, resulting in broncho-pneumonia, but this can be avoided by special care.

A BIT PUFFED

I took the thermometer out of Leo's mouth and saw that his temperature had satisfactorily subsided. Indeed, from the chippy, argumentative questions Leo asked me I didn't have to listen with my stethoscope to his chest to know he was well on the way to recovery.

"I don't want to become 'chesty' like my Dad," he said, "coughing in the morning and short of breath when he runs for a bus."

"He's good for another 100 years yet," I said smiling. "Anyway, when you're getting on for 60 you'll be a bit puffed, when you sprint for a bus too."

"But you said long ago he had bronchitis and now you diagnose this," he said pointing to his chest, "as bronchitis also."

"You have an acute bronchitis," I explained, "your father has chronic bronchitis. It's quite different. Anyway, your father isn't in such bad shape. He just has to take particular care when he gets colds, and he should worry less. Worry increases the constriction of the tubes."

SMOKE LESS

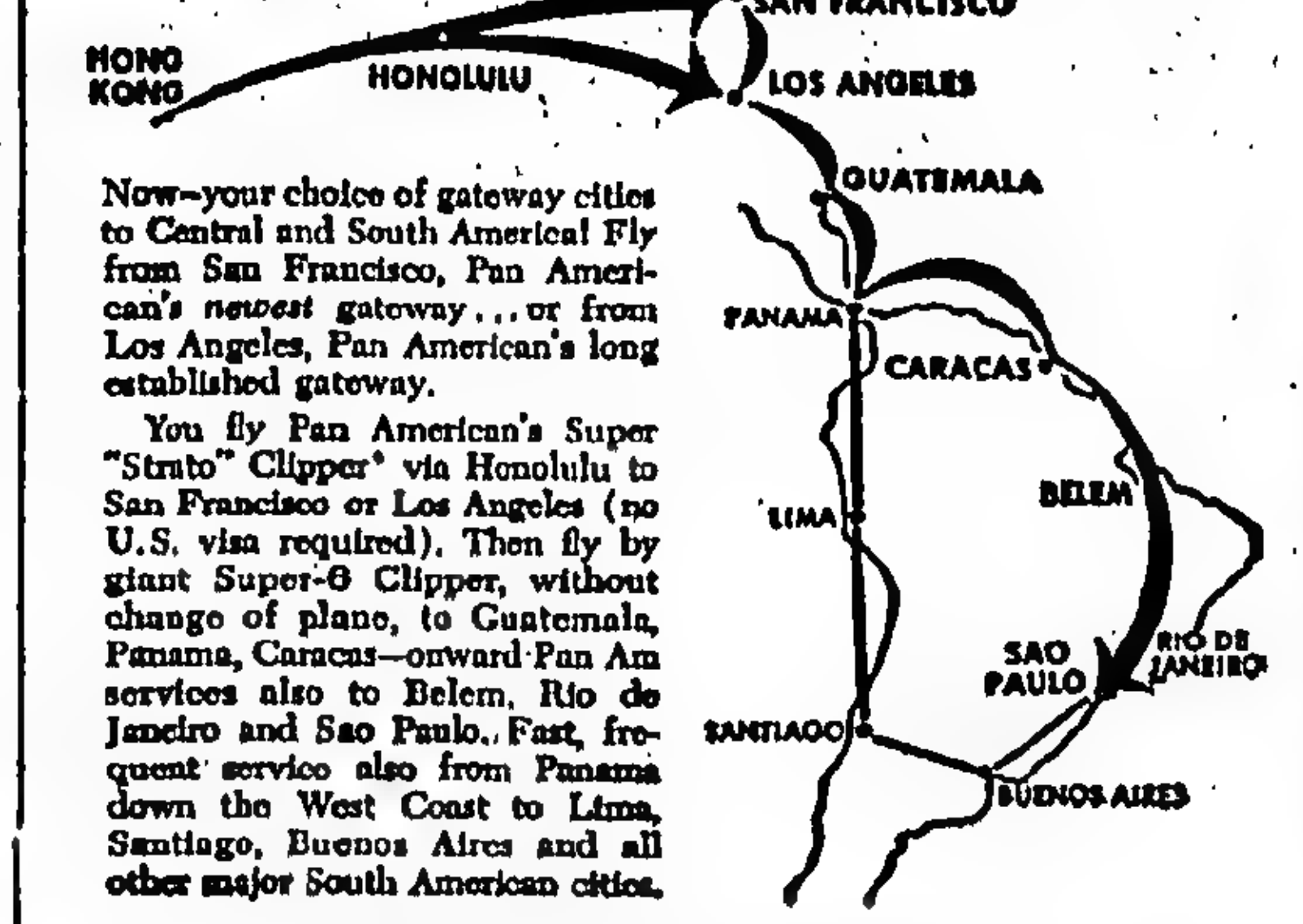
In chronic bronchitis the catarrh accumulates in the tubes, partially interfering with the entry of air into the lungs, and more constriction occurring as a result of anxiety can make the patient shorter of breath than he need be.

People who have chronic bronchitis—and there are many in our damp climate—would be much better if they avoided worrying about their condition, smoked less, made sure they didn't have any lurking areas of



"Whatever your personal views on Makarios, Waterhampton, you can't get away from the fact that the Government have established a most unfortunate precedent."

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by V. R. BURKHARDT Illustrated by the Author Five Colour Plates SECOND IMPRESSION

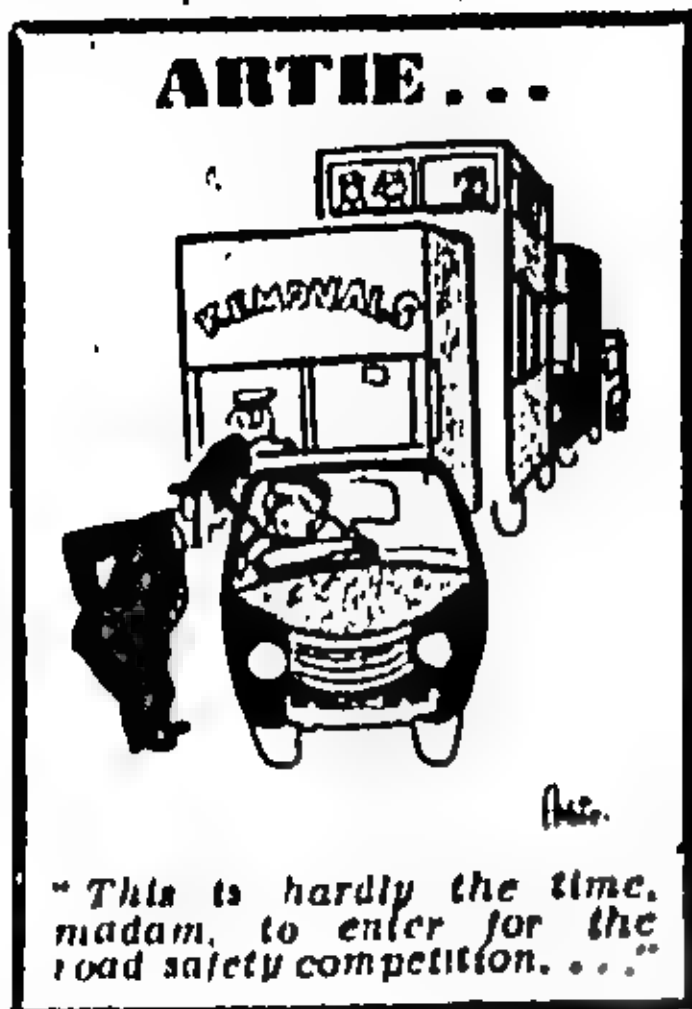
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HOW THE WHALE HUNTERS BEAT THE ALCOHOL BAN

OF WHALES AND MEN. By R. B. Robertson. Macmillan 21s. 247 pages.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

WHY, I asked, do 16,000 men, Norwegians, British, Japanese and others, go every year on whaling expeditions?

Because, replies psychiatrist Robertson, after his eight months' tour of duty with a whale factory ship in the Antarctic, they are "psychopaths," that is to say, "too healthy to be acceptable to the civilisation into which they are born."

Among the psychopaths with whom Robertson sailed were Mansell who had once been a consul in New Orleans (no one knew what flag had flown outside his consulate).

A Norwegian who had once sailed on a crazy expedition to populate Bouvet Island with white foxes.

A lowland Scots wireless operator, whose grandfather had been on the first whaling ship through Davis Strait and—"It was time his grandfather's oar was wetted."

There was also a silent individual known as the Lone Fleser (expert who strips blubber from the whale) who spoke to no one, was never seen to leave his cabin save to do his job, but proved to be a bridge player of high calibre.

with warmth, human curiosity, and a psychiatrist's detachment. His book is an admirable, if uneven, amateur job.

The long voyage south was a period of deepening gloom: it is always so, nobody knows why. But with the sighting of South Georgia everybody cheered up: it is always so, nobody knows why.

The whaling companies try to prevent alcohol reaching this far-South British possession. In consequence, the whalemen become expert brewers and distillers. The favourite local beverages are made—

From raisins laced with compass fluid.

From hair cream (invigorating and unpalatable, says Robertson).

From heating a popular boob polish and straining it through a loaf of bread; connoisseurs prefer to let this brew ferment for three days after which it should be kept in the cellar for four months. Four months is a long time between drinks in the Southern Ocean.

FOR A CENTURY

The fleet with which Robertson sailed totalled 14 ships, cost £3,000,000 of capital, and was organised to hunt and kill a mammal which (on average) will supply enough blubber to make twelve candles for St Peter's for a century and enough meat to give every inhabitant of Liverpool a hamburger. Its value will be about £2,000.

SCORED

The seamen were Shetlanders (known as "North Sea Chinamen," because they take on work scorned by other British sailors). The engineers were Scots. All the whaling side of the expedition was in the firmly monopolistic hands of Norwegians.

The whale gunners make the big money. There are no British whale gunners. One is a Swedish-Norwegian-American ex-New York taxi-driver and run-runner. He is highly successful.

Robertson found his shipmates interesting and unusual human beings and he writes of them

About that time, a Norwegian named Sven Foyn invented the harpoon gun. Modern whaling—the hunt for the big blue whale—was born.

Some scientists think there are less wasteful ways of doing the job. But, one way or another, the hunt in the grey Antarctic will probably continue to have enough mystery to attract the "psychopath" and the writer.

TRIUMPH, REGRET

MAY 29, 1953. The day the epic of mountaineering ended in triumph—and regret. The day Everest was climbed. For, as J. R. Ullman says in *The Age of Mountaineering* (Collins, 30s.), "Everest climbing will never be the same as Everest inviolate and no other mountain will quite capture its place in the imagination of men." Reports that somewhere in far western China is a mountain higher than Everest must apparently be dismissed.

Ullman tells the mountaineering saga which began one day in 1700 when a Genevan named de Saussure looked up at Mont Blanc and felt the first symptoms of "a kind of illness. I could not even look upon the mountain without being seized with an aching of desire."

A kind of illness became, through two centuries, a kind of heroism. Ullman passes on the infection, although not to me.

OVERTONES

FROM Victor Gollancz a book with social overtones.

The Bridgeburn Days, by Lucy Sinclair (18s.), is autobiography dressed as fiction. An "institution" child tells what it was like to be brought up in a foster home by "Old Ma," who tried her best with old-fashioned notions and a hard palm to bring up her waifs to righteousness. A wan little picture of a pathetic childhood.

TOO BOOKISH

AT a time when the British theatre needs new talent, Angus Wilson's play *The Mulberry Bush* (Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.), may be read until it can be seen. It is fresh, inexact, its dialogue too bookishly "brilliant," its people (fading Oxford dons and their astutely alive, properly trimmed, "The Mulberry Bush" could take root and flourish in the West End.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BOTTLE is Scotland losing the cold war in the bottled Scottish MP Emrys Hughes, Britain's unofficial court jester, wants to know.

He thinks the inroads being made by vodka in Canada and the United States are the first steps along the slippery path that leads to less Scotch (and hence) lower morale. Where it will end he doesn't dare prophesy.

He asked Board of Trade President, Peter Thorneycroft, in the House of Commons for a statement. Mr. Thorneycroft ducked. (On security grounds, perhaps?) But Mr. Hughes is still worried. "What can we do about it?" he asks, sadly.

Scottish distillers are also wondering what they can do about it.

So far, no answers.

CAVE MEN Fifteen Spanish students of archaeology have taken up life "a la Stone Age" in a prehistoric cavern in Aragon, northeast Spain. Headed by their don, 35-year-old Carlos Gutierrez, they will become Stone Age men for thirty days—hunting or fishing with stone weapons, making fires with flint, sleeping on dry leaves, using the skins of their prey to clothe their naked bodies.

Smoking and shaving have been forbidden—as anachronisms.

The really sturdy ones worked out their frustration at not being able to work out the sums by smashing school desks, and marched on local education offices.

At Burdwan, 60 miles from Calcutta, police were called out to protect teachers supervising exams.

DENNIS THE MENACE Dennis the menace covered at Christchurch, NZ, last week that a seal hasn't the same privileges as a performing dolphin. Inspired by the success of Opo, the frolicsome dolphin from Opunui, who is so tame that children ride on his back, Dennis thought he would get in on the act.

Hadn't Opo been given government protection? Hadn't he had a new dance, the Opo roll (otherwise the Dolphin trot) named after him?

But when Dennis tried to emulate Opo, he came a cropper. Children fed him so many lemons that he refused to leave the yacht harbour. In fact, he became so possessive that he swamped dingies and bit swimmers.

So Dennis was enticed into a net, towed five miles out to sea and shot.

DUFFLE The duffle-coat has long been an accepted part of the British scene. During the war it was the preserve of the sailors who manned the convoys in the Arctic and the North Atlantic. After the war, for a short spell, it was affected by the smart young men-about-town. With it they carried tightly-rolled umbrellas and wore curly-brimmed bowler hats.

It was next affected by the arty set. This time it went with no haircuts, blue jeans and open-toe sandals.

It is now process of succeeding the Edwardian rig as uniform of teen-age hooligans. Traditionally the duffle-coat is khaki-coloured or dark blue.

Fashion leaders among adolescent hooligans, however, have ruled that it should be black. And black it is, with capacious pockets which can accommodate a flick-knife or a sharpened bicycle chain without an embarrassing bulge.

Last week a duffle-coated gang were hauled into a court near London on charges of dance-hall brawling. Police reinforcements, said the prosecutor, had been necessary to break up the row when, in the words of the young mobster, the duffle-coat gang wanted to "cut 'em to pieces."

A silhouette was one of the weapons police found at the scene of the brawl.

SYNTHETIC "CREATURES" There is in existence a machine which Dr. W. Grey Walter, Director of the Physiological Department of the Burden Neurological Institute, Bristol, says "is perhaps the simplest mechanism that can be expected to behave like a rudimentary animal."

Dr. Walter described it at the Royal Institution in London as a small mobile machine resembling a tortoise in appearance.

It has only two artificial "nerve cells" in the form of wick-like valves and relays "whereas the human brain contains ten thousand million living cells." It differs from machines intended to extend human faculties (such as motor cars or electronic computers) only in its extreme simplicity, but also in its tendency to explore the world and to seek certain limited goals (moderate light and to avoid extremes (obstacles and bright lights).

These synthetic creatures can form elementary societies and "feed" themselves on electric current.

This machine—concerned with reflexive behaviour—is one of a number of simple working models designed to aid in the study of brain function.

SPECS IN THE FARMYARD Mr. J. Cooper's poultry breeding station at Bridport, Dorset, visitors are often surprised to see cockerels wearing dark spectacles. Cockerels fight and the station used to lose one or two every day.

The birds look sideways for feeding but forward for fighting. Now when they begin to acquire aggressiveness the spectacles are fixed to their beaks with pins through the nostrils and they cannot see to their front. The spectacles have reduced the killings by at least two-thirds.

GOING UP London Bridge, according to the nursery rhyme, has been falling down for as long as anyone can remember. In real life, London Bridge—a prosaic stretch of steel and asphalt—is quite all right, thank you.

The trouble lies with Tower Bridge. And the trouble is not that Tower Bridge is falling down but that it is going up. Tower Bridge is London's most famous landmark—the bridge that looks just like all the nursery rhyme illustrations of London Bridge.

But it was built in the days when ships were smaller and traffic more leisurely. Every time a ship of any size passes under it, its span must be raised.

The process of getting the span up, getting the ship under, and getting the span down again takes a long time. The result is that traffic piles up all the way back to another of London's famous landmarks—the Mile End Road, a grubby artery a good mile away. And it is often three-quarters of an hour before the last car in the line gets moving again.

So, alas, there is a move afoot to pull Tower Bridge down. If it comes down there will be no soaring Gothic towers with their great spikes (replicas of spikes on an earlier bridge upon which heads were once impaled as a caution to inbound evil-doers). In their place, there will be steel and concrete and asphalt, which neither fall down nor go up.

LITERARY BUMP A blow on the head from a hammer started 66-year-old Martin Martin, a carpenter of La Solana, Castile, on a literary career. When the bump went down, Martin felt an urge to write. Since then, he has written 20 novels and 100 short stories, and earned \$4,000.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

What Do You Think?

BY HARRY WEINERT



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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

WHAT ARE THE FETTERS THAT SHATTER FORM AND MAKE THE GAME A MOCKERY

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

"...another thing, lad, always listen to men older than yourself. You may have to listen to a little nonsense, but if you sift the good from the bad you'll learn much. Listening is the cheapest form of education."

These words might have been given to a pupil by his school master; or they might have been the words of a father to his son who was on the threshold of adult adventure. They are neither. They are the words of wise advice given to Stanley Matthews some 25 years ago by Billy Meredith, the old Welsh internationalist, and one of the greatest players who ever graced the game.

This grand advice was given to Matthews when he was a lad of sixteen and the famous England winger makes mention of it in his second book "Fetters First Again".

I thought about those words as I watched the third and final game of the Hongkong-Mohun Bagan series, and I found myself wondering just what sort of advice for the future we could give to the over-enthusiastic youngsters who gave such a thrilling display to the visitors by a solitary goal.

With just a change or two this line up would produce the framework of a side that could represent our interests for years to come, but to do that with the same enthusiasm and enterprise as they showed on Wednesday, it is obvious that they will have to be kept free of the strange fetters that are alleged to be responsible for the fantastic fluctuations in form of many of our better known stars.

WILL TO WIN

Looking back on the performance of the All-Hongkong and Hongkong Selection sides it is almost inconceivable that some of the players whom we know to be capable of really brilliant football should have played as they did in these games. There was not a semblance of team work, of team spirit, or of the vital will to win. Neither apparently

was there the slightest concern about overwhelming defeat. One of our top Chinese officials made the following remark to me after Sunday's painful display. "There are influences far greater than fate," he said, "and it is these influences which are to blame for shows like the one you have just seen today. . . . but you don't understand. . . . I don't know what it was that 'I don't understand', but I do know that whatever it is, it certainly wields tremendous power and at its whim reduces our best players to shadows of their real self."

On every side one hears hints, rumours, and vivid stories of the great powers of the gambling rings and betting organisations. There is nothing veiled about the stories and I congratulate one well-known sportsman who has apparently stated that he is willing to put his knowledge and information on the matter at the disposal of the correct authorities.

This act requires reputation a dozen times over by all those who openly claim inside, or even general, knowledge of the evil that is going on behind the scenes. We have the players, and they have the skill, to put the Colony on the football map but they can only do that as unassisted football is played as they did in these games. There was not a semblance of team work, of team spirit, or of the vital will to win. Neither apparently

50 MINUTES SOCCER
This season Hongkong introduced the full ninety minutes of

play in senior matches and there is no doubt at all that the players have shown themselves capable of lasting the distance without any deterioration in their play.

It is interesting to hear that this season all senior games in Singapore will be of 80 minutes duration.

According to reports reaching the Colony players and the majority of officials appear to favour the innovation, but there are others who believe that increased time will result in a falling off in standard as the players cannot be expected to stand up to the heat for the extra time. Some contend that 80 minutes will bore the spectators.

Such an attitude is hard to understand for Singapore will have to play the full time of 90 minutes when they are taking part in regional and international competitions and unless they are prepared to accept the players to the longer game they are surely placing them at a great disadvantage when they travel to play elsewhere.

Generally the standard in Hongkong has been well maintained and while it is true that some games have fallen far below first class level there have been others when the spectators have remained rooted to their seats right to the final whistle.

It seems to me that the time factor is really unimportant as far as the spectators are concerned. If the football is good enough they will wait and watch gladly; on the other hand if the football produced is poor and unentertaining who can blame them for turning away.

One of the most important games of the season will be played at the Hongkong Stadium this afternoon when Eastern meet Kitchener in the final of the Senior Shield.

Taking a line through current form, and remembering what Eastern did to Kitchener only a couple of weeks ago, it is hard to resist making a direct forecast in favour of Ko Po-keung and his mates.

However there is a world of difference between League football and a cup-tie. The whole approach to the game is changed and somehow or other the glamour of the big cup-tie brings out the very best in the players and often encourages them to play away above themselves.

POWERFUL ACE

For that reason I believe the game is much more open than a sound analysis of form might suggest. Kitchener have a powerful ace in their hand in the person of Lau Kai-chu who, although completely out of favour with the selectors, is to many minds a mine included. The best centre-forward in the Colony today. Provided the Kitchener wingers and wing-halves get the ball through to him Lau is capable of winning this game on his own.

Eastern with their glittering galaxy of stars will certainly start favourites to take the first material step towards collecting the League and Shield double. There is not the slightest doubt that they will put all they can into winning this game but somehow or other I have a strange feeling that if Kitchener, in spite of being outclassed and for a time outplayed when the sides last met, can weather Eastern's early onslaught and can prevent the loss of an early goal they might well cause the biggest upset of the season so far.

Tipsters are always on dangerous ground whatever they say so let me say only that I see it this way. On form Eastern should win, but on a hunch Kitchener seem capable of making it a closer game than many people think. . . . the vital stage will be in the first twenty minutes.

WEEK-END GAMES

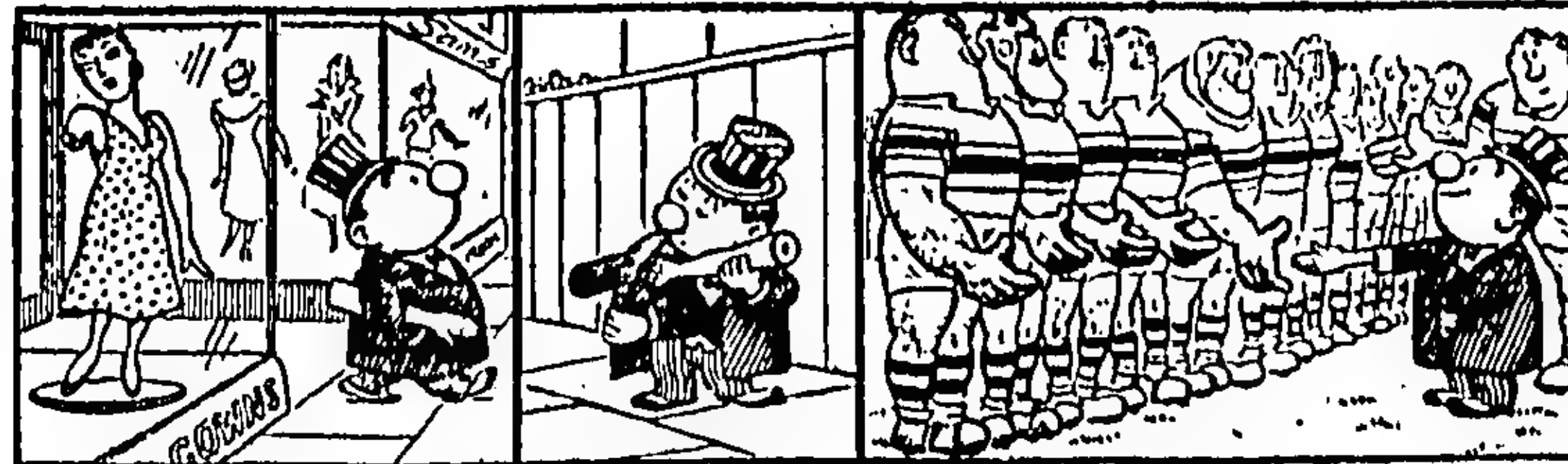
The full week-end programme is as follows:-

Today
Senior Shield Final: Eastern v. Kitchener at Hongkong Stadium at 4.45 p.m.
Junior Shield Final: Eastern v. K.M.B. at Hongkong Stadium. Kick-off 3 p.m.

Tomorrow
First Division: K.M.B. v. Police at Caroline Hill. Six o'clock.
Royal Navy at Club; St. Joseph's v. C.A.A. at Causeway Bay; Kwong Wah v. R.A.F. at Boundary Street. All games start at 5 p.m.
K.M.B. should add another couple of points to their increasing total with a victory over Police at Caroline Hill but the Sing Tao-Navy clash looks like being a rousing affair.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Three Keen Senior 'A' Division Clashes On The Programme

By "TIME OUT"

This week's softball programme at King's Park is highlighted by three keen Men's Senior "A" Division clashes. Taking top billing in this star-studded card is the appearances of the League leaders as Ed Carvalho's first-placed Braves cross bats with the youthful Blackhaws while the mighty Saint Joseph's, with mentor Jindo Hussain at the helm, tangle with the unpredictable Warriors. Another keenly contested tussle slated should find the Hongkong Pandas in an all-out effort against the US Navy contingent tomorrow at 3.30 p.m.

Raising the curtain on tomorrow's thrill-packed card is the feminine quarter as two play-offs are down for decision. With the Senior Ladies' play-offs busted wide open by virtue of the Wahooks' startling upset at the hands of the Capandas last week, tomorrow's opener at 9.30 a.m. will find the Wahooks and the South China

ladies in a battle for survival. Coming back into the spotlight this week, the Junior ladies commence their last-ditch fight for the flag with the Overseas and the comely Colliers sharing the honours. This clash at 9.30 a.m. tomorrow on the "B" diamond starts off their best-of-three series for the Junior title.

TOP BILLING

As with all their appearances on the diamond, the Braves once again take top billing in this week's card as they face the youthful Blackhaws at 11.00 a.m. tomorrow. With a slim one-game lead over their rivals, Ed Carvalho's boys cannot afford to take any chances against their young opponents as this team holds the distinction of having beaten the mighty Saints on one of their good days.

On the offensive, Carvalho will rely mainly on the steady right arm of ace hurler Vic Pedreira to keep the Hawks' boom guns at bay, with rifle-arm, lindsmaucher Reggie Mattos closing the slants.

The ever-shifting infield is yet unknown, but the probable four to take the field tomorrow are lanky "Old Reliable" Yvanovich at first, steady "Tiger" Hussain at the keystone and feet-footed "Kid" Loureiro at the hot-corner. The post at

the windy alley will be given to the mercurial spikes of Junior Remedios who is an impenetrable wall in this inner line of defence.

Picking the outfield trio from a roster of stars is no easy task for Carvalho but, judging from the past performance of the Braves, the trio facing the starter tomorrow will be Dickie Chaves at left, Tony "Sluggo" Gutierrez at centre and fence-busting southpaw Budji Diaber in the right hand sector.

Utilities in this formidable line-up are lanky Derek Smirke and young Frank Loureiro, both hard-hitting outfielders with strong arms.

Leaving their mainstay by the migration of hurler Joey Grace to the States, the Hawks will fall back on Renzo Barretto to boost their mound gag against the hard-hitting Braves tomorrow.

Forming the other half of the battery is "Cuebie" Souza, an outstanding figure in the Hawks' line-up and an impenetrable unit in the line of defence.

Adding the much-needed batting power for this tussle is the return of veteran southpaw Elie Remedios who will be posted at first. Bullhawk Tony Silva, formerly of Jaguar fame, will be in action around the keyhole while up-and-coming youngster Mico Guan tackles the hard chore at third. Peppery Robert Nunes completes this quartet by filling in the hot spot at shortstop.

The Hawks' main feature, their slugging outfield, will find Gerry Remedios, Tony Rodrigues and Manuel Nunes in action. Manuel Nunes covers the area in left field, Gerry Remedios takes the right sector, while lefty Tony Rodrigues controls the defence programme in the vast area at centrefield.

SAINTS V. WARRIORS

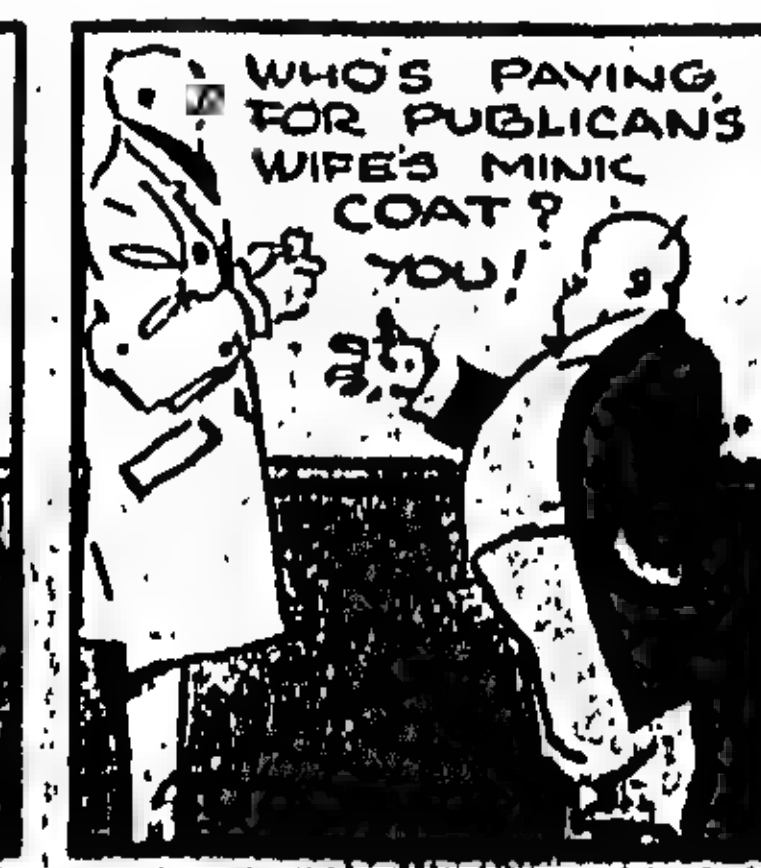
Playing a second string role to the Braves-Blackhaws clash, the second round encounter between the strong Saint Joseph's and Eddie Marques' erstwhile Warriors will have fans packing the stands as the outcome may have a strong bearing on the final standings.

Out to keep their Pennant hopes alive for another crack at the Braves, Jindo Hussain of the Saints will be starting his strongest line-up against Eddie Marques' dethroned.

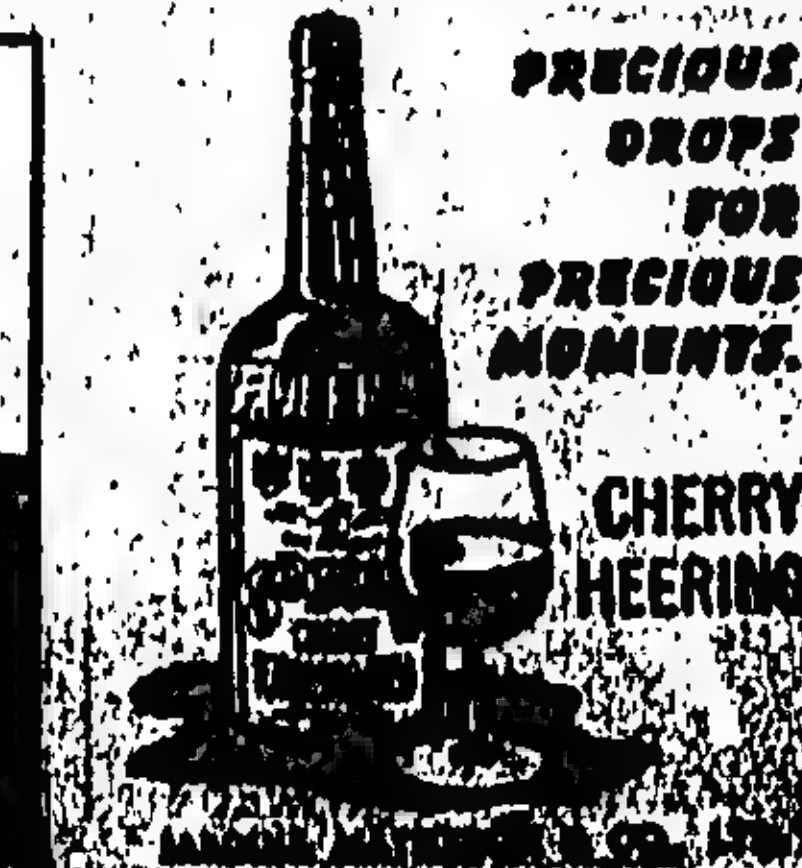
Southpaw chucker A. R. Salles will toe the rubber for the favourites while opposing him on the slab for the underdog Warriors will be the fireballing of windmill artist "Goose" Wong.

Directing plays for the Joys in the catching department is none other than husky Mario "Red" Pereira with the infield four revolving around hustling Claude Pugh in the windy-alley. Powerhouse Ken Demalden guards the initial sack while Art Ozorio and Benny Omar, top names in local softball circles, protect the keystone and hot-corner spots respectively.

POP



Drink to me only



DESMOND HACKETT'S COLUMN

PLAY THE GAMES RUSSIA'S WAY

This is the round-up of Olympic Games news for last week: Russia announce that they are sending around 450 athletes to Australia and will have the maximum entry in all events. . . .

Miss Elaine Burton, MP, differs with the Duke of Edinburgh, who had publicly disagreed with sending teams of "civil servants" to the Games. Miss Burton says the Government should help. . . .

Seventeen-year-old national swimming champion Judy Grinham has to leave school because she cannot get reasonable training facilities. . . .

Nineteen-year-old British diving champion Ann Long condemns local authorities who prefer catering for creep dancers rather than swimmers. . . .

The Amateur Swimming Association announces that it has to sell matches to raise money to send swimmers to Melbourne. . . .

Sorting out that little lot as tricky and dangerous as judging a bonny-baby show. The Russians have no trouble when it comes to sport. They just dip into the old Kremlin kitty and Ivan's year uncle, Britain will send a team of 120—if we can find the money. . . .

The Duke of Edinburgh has done a great service to sport, he is also a considerable sportsman himself, but I think that the vigorous Miss Burton, who was also a notable athlete, gets my vote. . . .

Miss Burton does not want a Minister of Sport, nor a State department which would demand that our athletes must win in triplicate. . . .

WE AGREE

More simply and sensibly, Miss Burton backs my own argument that from the millions of pounds poured in the Chancellor's bottomless purse sport is entitled to have a few thousands ploughed back. . . .

And how I agree with Miss Burton when she says: "The old idea of jolly good fun taking part is out of date. We should go in determined to be jolly good winners." . . .

"We should have every facility for training so that we have the best possible chances of carrying out the determination to succeed." . . .

It seems a shabby sort of deal when our athletes have to descend to the old muscle-meat deadline of poverty—selling matches. . . .

It is even shabbier when local councils cover up the

Nominate YOUR

Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the . . . Club.

(Signed) . . .

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 28th April 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited. ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Harry Homer
By ARCHIE QUICK

Not many people can claim that they have "met" £40,000 worth of footballing talent. Mr. Harry Homer can, for he once lost Alex James on a ferry boat between Denmark and Germany and £40,000 is my assessment of what the wee Scot would fetch in the transfer market today.

Mr. Homer was in charge of the administrative side of an Arsenal Continental tour some twenty years ago, and the wind of destiny brought them together behind the boat's funnel for a late in the autumn. Not until the party were in the train Berlin-bound was the cleverest of all footballers himself. James had looked after himself with his usual Scottish cunning along the banks of the German capital by first class travel before the main body of "troops."

Mr. Homer is Soccer Fan No. 1, with the Arsenal almost entirely on Arsenal. It all started in 1932 when he was hiding in the Austrian Tyrol, went into a Vienna bar and met the England team. There were five Arsenal players in the national side that day, manager George Allison, and the strange Englishman a drink and that was the beginning of an association between Homer and the Arsenal which has become almost a religion with Harry—and his wife. Later he met Eddie Hogg and Cliff Bastin working along the banks of the not-so-blue Danube at Budapest, and since then Arsenal has been indelibly written on his heart, fanatically so.

ENTHUSIASTIC OFFICIAL

Most of Arsenal's trips abroad have seen Mr. Homer with the party, and for a long while he was not only an enthusiastic official of the exclusive Arsenal Club Enclosure, but he wrote the programme notes.

Now Harry lives deep in the heart of Sussex, and has his lovely chateau bungalow painted a distinctive colour. Yes, you have guessed it—red and white. One room of the house has been converted into a red and white bar, and his name—"Gunner's Arms." In one corner there is a museum of sporting memories—foreign club pennants, programmes etc. and ad lib. While in the front lawn there has been planted a sod of the sacred Highbury turf. Yes, Harry certainly worships his football in general and Arsenal in particular.

Living in Spain he has made many sporting contacts there, and he it was who arranged the ill-fated visit of Bilbao to Wolverhampton Wanderers—cancelled because of the Players' Union ban on floodlight matches.

Groundsman With A Difference

Every night 61-year-old Tom Parker is the last man to leave Arsenal's ground at Somerset Park. He makes sure the water has been turned off, all lights are out, the doors securely locked etc.—and then he walks smartly home. Nothing remarkable about that, except that Tom lost his sight just before the last war. He has been Arsenal's groundsman since 1927 and has served under seven managers.

THE HONOURS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Can Manchester Claim The Double This Year?

Asks DON REVIE

Have you noticed how the hub of the Soccer world has moved from London to Lancashire? Quite true, of course, because five of the top nine clubs in the First Division come from Lancashire.

In fact Manchester people are already speaking boldly of a city double, with Manchester United as League Champions and Manchester City as Cup winners.

A double honour like this for the same city has not occurred since Everton won the Cup in 1906, while their near neighbours, Liverpool, won the League Championship the same season.

It is remarkable how the game's honours seem to go round each area in turn.

Before the first World War, the North-East had a great run. Newcastle United played in five Finals and Sunderland were another great side over the same period.

After the war it was Yorkshire's turn. Huddersfield Town won the Cup and the League Championships. Then it was Sheffield Wednesday's turn to win the League Championship two years in succession.

London took over next as the centre of Soccer with Arsenal either winning the Cup or the League Championship in those fantastic years prior to 1939.

Then Wolves and West Brom brought honours to the Midlands and now it is Manchester's turn. Or at least it looks that way.

WONDERFUL WOLVES

All season I have been praising the wonderful Wolves and Malt. Huggins' brilliant young son, a child of Trafford, has I must say that my own club, Manchester City, are playing as well at the moment that I honestly think they would have won the League Championship this season if they had made a brighter start.

Although every player likes to win a Cup medal from the Manager's point of view, it is much more encouraging if his side wins the League title.

To win the Championship a club needs to make a good standard of football right through the season; it calls for stamina, skill and class. And the Manager of a Championship winning club—without getting over confident—can feel fairly satisfied that his club should be safe for a few seasons. It is, in fact, a tribute to his team building plans, whereas as everyone knows, a Cup winning team needs a fairly large slice of luck on the way to Wembley.

In the next few weeks, interest will be hotting up for the international between Scotland and England at Hampden Park. And it will be interesting to find out if England make many changes from the side which beat Spain.

At the moment it is a heartening sign in British football to see so many fine half-backs jostling for international recognition. Of the younger school we have Eddie Coleman and Duncan Edwards of Manchester United; Jim Hey of Sheffield United; Stan Anderson of Sunderland; and Trevor Smith of Birmingham. But I think the finest half-back playing today is Ken Barnes, Manchester City's right half.

I stand to be accused of prejudice, of course, but Ken has come to form at the right time.

Only those who have played with him can really appreciate how much ground he covers—and his slide-rule passes and link-up with brilliant Bobby Johnstone is one of the reasons for City's success this year.

Ken Barnes is the Gordon Phil of football. A rangy long-legged type, he does not look particularly fast. But take it from me, when we have a mile race at Maine Road, Ken is out on his own.

Amazing to think that a few years ago he could command a place in the First Division team, and he has easily gone into lower league football.

THE LONG, LONG WAIT

Whoever wins the Cup semi-finals is going to have that long wait for the great day at Wembley. I don't know anyone in football who relishes the six weeks' gap between semi-final and Final. It is far too long. There is a tendency for players to play safe; they look after every minor injury; and they wouldn't

be human if they didn't tend to take it easy in some matches, with the glittering prize of the Cup Final so tantalisingly near.

Yet experience shows that it is far better for clubs and players to carry on strongly in the League. The chap who goes in half-heartedly to a tackle is always the more liable to get hurt. And it can be fatal for a team right on form to relax in the League. It is often too much of a struggle for highly fit men to get back into their former smooth rhythm.

The motto, hard though it is, should be: Don't relax—keep going for Cup and League!

As I forecast last week, when on both sides has averted a Players' Union strike, I'm sure everyone hopes that this is the dawn of better and friendlier relations all round, with players and administrators doing all they can to improve the game itself.

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SPORTS ROUND-UP

DON COCKELL TO DEFEND BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE IN MAY

Don Cockell will defend his British Heavyweight title against Jack Gardner in Leicester or Birmingham at the end of May. The fight was originally planned for the White City as a Jack Solomon promotion. But it has been postponed several times. Now Joe Jacobs of Leicester and Alec Griffiths of Birmingham are negotiating for the contract.

Hogan Bassey, Nigerian holder of the British Empire Featherweight Championship, meets Louis Cabo of Belgium over ten rounds at Liverpool Stadium on March 22, in a non-title bout.

Northamptonshire are rapidly becoming cricket's most progressive county. Their recent proposal that evening cricket should be allowed on the second day of county matches, has been adopted by the Advisory County Committee. Both clubs will have to agree in which case play will start around 2.30 p.m., and stumps drawn at 8.15 p.m.

CLOSE CONTACT

John Surtees, brilliant young British motor cyclist who is rated second only to Geoff Duke, likes to maintain a close contact with the places and folk he knew before he became famous. So John, a South Londoner, will make his first public appearance on his Italian MV-Augusta machine at the Easter Monday Crystal

Palace meeting, where he scored his early triumphs.

Harold Hassall, former Bolton and England international inside-forward, whose playing career was cut short by injury, is making a comeback—as a referee. He recently took his second class refereeing examination.

Gordon Bradley, Nottingham County goalkeeper, who played for Leicester City in the 1949 Cup Final, has been appointed official coach to the Irish Lawn Tennis Association. Bradley, the only League footballer who is a professional tennis player, will take up his duties in May. He will continue to play for Nottingham.

(London Express Service.)

(COPYRIGHT)

On March 19 the 1956 Flat racing season began in England. What can followers of racing expect? JAMES PARK has been touring the stables to find out. He has made a thorough study of the horses and has chosen a list of TWELVE TO FOLLOW each time they race. He will name them and give reasons for his choice in next Wednesday's China Mail. In Thursday's China Mail he will assess the chances of the horses in Captain Boyd-Rochford's stable.

SOME HORSES HAVE FIGURE TROUBLE

Harry Wragg is always looking for new ideas. He had a riding school built so that his horses could be exercised during wintry spells. Now he has a weighing machine—an idea copied from the USA. For the past few years Harry has spent his holiday in California and, as has always been the case, kept his eyes and ears wide open.

He has picked up hints, such as clocking gallops, and putting them into practice. I do not know of any other trainer in England who has a weighing machine but in many countries it is used extensively.

The horses in the Bouscass stable are weighed regularly from the time they enter as yearlings and each has his or her own chart which is kept up to date throughout the years.

It can be valuable. I have been told it indicates the weight at which a horse produces his best form. Horses are weighed before and after a race and this tells how much has been shed by the exertion. The amount can vary according to the individual and provides useful information for the trainer.

When some horses were being sent to California during the winter, Harry arranged for his apprentice jockey, Peter Robinson, to travel with them. When Robinson got there he was granted a licence and had a few rides. That was regarded as nothing more than experience.

Though the American jockeys are sick at the start, Robinson was first away in every race. Robinson was the find of last season and as the saying has it is the "best horse in the stable."

He has put on a few pounds but will go to scale at 7st. 4lb. He will be out of his time in September.

The riding will be shared by Harry's son-in-law, Manny Mercer, and Robinson.

The stable will have three runners in the Lincolnshire Handicap a week today—Kenmore, Bedser and Ciao. They were kept going in the riding school, when the weather was severe, with the result that they were ready to go into strong work as soon as conditions improved.

They were galloped at Newmarket this morning and, as a result, Manny Mercer elected to ride Kenmore. His brother, Joe, will be on Bedser, and Robinson takes the mount on Ciao.

If the trio run up to the home form, KENMORE should prove the best but the draw can often upset preconceived ideas at Lincoln.

Kenmore's joints have always been troublesome. He has been hindered and so far has got through his preparation safely. If he is beaten, it will not be for lack of condition and, as he showed plenty of speed as a three-year-old, he should be able to take up a good position from the start.

BEDSER looks a picture and is to be given a chance to show what he can do as a miller. He has previously been regarded as a middle-distance performer.

CIAO is rather small but can pick up a race or two in his own class.

GOLOVINE has grown into a grand looking horse and he loves to show himself off in his box. He is home at distances from a mile and a half to two miles.

and will once more pay his way if the handicappers give him a chance to do so.

MILITARY COURT and IMMORTAL were on offer as stallions but remain in training. Each has been blistered and it is hoped they will stand up to another season's racing. In the case of IMMORTAL it may be the wish of his owner to keep him in the stable, but everything is being done to get the tendons calous away.

There were no more honest horses in training last year than IMMORTAL and MILITARY COURT. The former made astonishing improvement in the course of the season. He started off by winning the Newbury Cup with 7st. and wound up by winning a Cambridge trial with 9st. in the saddle.

HYPERION KID has filled out since his three-year-old days and will make a good stayer if his legs do not give any trouble. The watering on the hard ground last year left its mark but it is hoped he will get through another season's racing. If so, he will make a useful stayer. He looks altogether more robust than at any previous time.

SHIRASTRIN is a neat little colt who looks almost ready to run. He was a model of consistency last season and from the time he found his form was never out of the first three. Apart from a walk-over he won four races and was three times second. That is the kind I like.

LOMBARD only managed to win one race last year and his chance to improve on that record will depend on how he is treated in handicaps.

There are no classic three-year-old colts but several gave promise of something better to come.

LUCERO had a light season but was placed in each of his three races. He was retired for the season after running at Newmarket in July and that has given him an opportunity to develop. That may prove a paying policy as he is now a stylish colt.

In a physical sense he has progressed on excellent lines and should not long remain a maiden.

PERSIAN GOD is much stronger than in his two-year-old days and gives the impression he has made good progress. He has not had a lot of racing. On both sides of his pedigree he is bred to train on. He wants to show the right attitude towards racing.

DUTTON has not so far done as well as some of the others of his age and gave me the impression he may not feel happy until he gets some sun on his back.

TALGO ran second on one occasion in moderate company, but I fancy he was never in possession of his full strength as a two-year-old. He has made up into a fine big colt, and would only have to be as good as he looks.

ELLWOOD is no beauty, but hops along a bit. He may not soar above plating class, but is quite useful in that company. SENIOLE has not been quite as much as I had hoped, but after a disappointing first season he should be favourably handicapped.

There is a lot to like about GARDEN STATE. She has proved to such an extent that she is now an elegant filly, rather tall but with ample scope. If she has improved as much in ability as she has done in looks she should prove a money-spinner.

WILLA is small, but will be an asset at the stud one day. It was with that end in view that she was bought by Mrs. J. Dewar at the sale of her late husband's horses.

There is some promising material among the two-year-olds. MILAN is a strongly built filly with sufficient size to suggest he will make a three-year-old. There is plenty of scope about the Faldstade colt, GAZA TIME, and I liked another by the same sire in SOLITO, who is now beginning to grow and fill out. Solito looks all over a rephorse and I shall be surprised if he does not prove to have good speed.

There is not a better looking two-year-old in the yard than

PARDEE, a brown Purdil colt who failed to make his reserve as a yearling. The owner may not regret that. A good topped colt, he levels out well and is most attractive.

Surissa's half brother, CAR-NATIE, is a fine big chestnut standing about 16 hands already. Like most of the sire's stock, he will take time to mature and should certainly stay much better than his flying half-sister. Dentarius colt DAUNTLESS GREEN stands over a bit of ground, but he has been lame. There are some smart-looking fillies, and an early winner could be the small but sharp SATURNIA.

I particularly liked FALESTIDE, if only she can get rid of the hock trouble. Apart from that she is in every respect a grand looking filly. Harry Wragg has plenty on which to exploit his skill in the juvenile department and we shall hear quite a lot about them in the course of the season.

(London Express Service.)

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Answers To Sports Quiz

1. America. Tony Trabert, Vic Seixas and Ham Richardson—who didn't play.
2. Golf, cricket, weightlifting and rugby union.
3. Fred Perry, three Wimbledon champions.
4. Ferenc Puskas and Kitione Lave.
5. Max Schmeling.
6. Rocky Marciano.
7. Wolverhampton Wanderers, Arsenal and Sheffield Wednesday.
8. Danish, South African, Australian and English.
9. Louise Brough.
10. Feather, Light and Welter.

Remarkable Goalkeeping

Don Careless, goalkeeper of Freetanks F.C., a Portsmouth Sunday Federation side, saved two penalties in the match against Old Johnians. Nothing remarkable about that, for this keeper's club has had sixteen penalties awarded against them this season—and he has saved every one! Careless rapture. In the same League, Bill Jenkins, of Havant, has scored in every match played this season—cup and league.

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DON'T WASTE WATER

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

JANUARY THE FIRST
I'M GOING TO WRITE UP MY DIARY AT THE END OF EVERY DAY

FEBRUARY THE FIRST
WHAT DID I DO LAST TUESDAY, GEORGE?

LAST WEEK

TO-DAY SOME SCRAP PAPER DEAR? YES, TEAR A PAGE OUT OF MY DIARY

THE COLD WEATHER'S SAVED HANGG WITH MY SKIN

IT'S MADE ME LOOK QUITE LINED

THE NEW BEAUTY SHOP IN THE HIGH STREET IS OFFERING A SPECIAL REDUCTION FOR 12 TREATMENTS

REALLY, GEORGE, I'M NOT THAT UGLY

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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1956.

STARTS INSTANTLY
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JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

A Choice Of Career

THERE is a good deal of talk these days of boys being slow to make up their minds about what they want to do with their lives. No such complaint could be levelled at Alfred.

Alfred, at 17, seems certain of the way he wants to go and the career he means to follow. Crime is his choice, and already—

But this chapter of Alfred's story starts in the West End—a short time ago.

There, a uniformed policeman saw Alfred and another boy—

THE CALLER
His vantage point in the shadows of a side street in Mayfair, meaning to arrest the pair. Alfred took to his heels; his fellow conspirator was captured and consigned to a juvenile court.

There, perhaps, the little boy let slip Alfred's name. For a day or so later a policeman arrived on the doorstep of Alfred's home in North London with a warrant for his arrest.

Alfred was brought to Bow Street, where he pleaded not guilty to a charge of being a suspected person loitering with intent to steal from unattended cars.

A policeman told the story of the arrest to Sir Laurence Dunne, the child magistrate.

MOOCHING

ALFRED, dark, slightly built, wearing black shirt, black overcoat, and shoes with crepe soles as thick as paving stones, listened and yawned.

"This man did make a statement," the officer said. And he handed the document up to the Bench.

Sir Laurence read in silence. Then he reported: "It simply says, 'We were just mooching about'—had a few drinks, went to an amusement arcade, got lost, walked up a road, rocking a few cars. Minus, nothing much in that."

He turned to Alfred: "What do you want to do?" he asked. "You can go into the witness-box or..."

"I'm saying nuffin," said Alfred.

ADMISSION

"I FIND this proved," said Sir Laurence. "Anything known?"

A detective went into the witness-box and opened a folder. At that, Alfred perked up, much as a man does at a public dinner when he knows that tribute is about to be paid to him.

"There are four findings of guilt against this man as a juvenile," the officer began. "And then, last month, he was arrested as being concerned as a suspected person—in a case just outside London."

"While he was in custody he admitted another case of offence."

"He was committed for trial to a higher court, and he has asked that the judge should take into consideration 45 other cases..."

SWAGGER

"DEMANDED for Dorset report," said Sir Laurence. "There is one in existence..." "I haven't seen it. I'd better then it will be ready for the higher court."

"Yes, Sir," the officer said. "This way, please," said the gaoler to Alfred. And the 17-year-old swaggered out towards the future.

And that future? Perhaps at Borial or elsewhere Alfred would find someone strong enough to sway him from the course on which he had set out, and steer his energy and daring towards better ends.

PARTWORDS SOLUTION

ENTHUSIASM Verbe Verge Brink Drink Beverage Laverge Purchase Hite Ire Anger Angel Angle Bangs Bengal Lancer Lance Dance Top Tip Wink Hood Robin Round Band End Aimee Midge Samsy Panny Palm Lamp Nightingale Crime Crime Crime China China China Mail Post Pansy Mather Stream Burn Bear Yellow Mellow Mallow Marsh.

ITALIAN REDS GET OUT OF LINE

Togliatti & Moscow Criticised About Stalin's Deflation

Rome, Mar. 23.
Italy's Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, enforced party discipline today on his principal followers after unusual disclosures yesterday of unrest and criticism at a meeting of the Communist members of the Chamber of Deputies.

None of those present at a five-hour meeting today, the second in two days to discuss Moscow's new policies and the attack on Stalin, would speak privately to reporters.

Yesterday several of the 143 Communist Deputies hinted broadly that there had been strong attacks on Signor Togliatti and the Moscow leaders for launching a change of policy on the Italian party, the largest Communist Party in Europe.

Signor Togliatti's reply failed to satisfy the critics, and the meeting was continued today.

Signor Pietro Nenni, leader of the Nenni Socialists, close allies of the Communists over the past ten years, is expected to proclaim his party's opposition to the "posthumous trial of Stalin" in an article to be published by the party newspaper on Sunday.

The newspaper yesterday had an article strongly criticising Mr Nikita Khrushchev, Soviet Communist Party Secretary, and other Soviet leaders for failing adequately to explain their reasons for the onslaught on Stalin.—Reuter.

In the American zone of the Davis Cup competition the United States will meet the winners of the Canada-West Indies tie which will take place next May.—Reuter.

AMERICAN DAVIS CUP POSSIBLES Talbert Captain

New York, Mar. 23.
Bill Talbert was re-appointed captain of the United States lawn tennis Davis Cup team for 1956 here today.

A "preliminary" team of twelve players was also announced. The twelve are Vic Seixas, Art Larsen, Hamilton Richardson, Herbert Flam, Gilbert Shen, Sam Giamalva, Arthur Andrews, Ronald Holmberg, Barry Mackay, Earl Baumgardner, Allen Morris and Whitney Reed.

Talbert has the authority to make changes in the team which will assemble for "spring training" programme before the summer tournament season.

In the American zone of the Davis Cup competition the United States will meet the winners of the Canada-West Indies tie which will take place next May.—Reuter.

EGYPTIAN TENNIS

Alexandria, Mar. 23.
Fred Kovaleski, USA, gained the men's singles final today in the international tennis tournament here by defeating Jack Armitstall, Australia, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.

Levi Head, Australia, and Jaroslav Drobný, Egypt, won the men's doubles title by defeating Sweden's Sven Davidson and Torsten Johansson, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.

Angela Mortimer, Britain, entered the women's singles final by defeating Jennifer Head, Australia, 8-6, 6-0.—United Press.

Rediffusion
12 Noon, Tune Time; 12.30 p.m., Music by Both Sides; 1.15, News; 1.30, Weather Report and Special Announcements; 1.30, Man-to-Man; 2.00, Hospital Requests presented by Hilary; 2.05, Wayne King Serenade; 2.30, Secrets of Scotland Yard; 4.15, The Morgan Motor; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5.00, Unit Requests presented by Linda; 5.15, Head Quarters; 5.30, Football Commentary; 5.45, Eastern v. Western—Final of the Senior Challenge Shield Direct Broadcast from the Hongkong Stadium; 6.15, Birthday Mailbag; 6.27, Antioch Maggot; 7.00, Rediffusion's Jazz Club; 7.30, Juke Box Parade; 8.00, The Shiro Jit Parade; 8.30, London Town; 10.00, Famous Court Dramas; 10.30, Music from Winner House; 11.00, Date for Dancing; 11.15, A Recorded Commentary on the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race; 11.30, Midnight Racing—the Grand National from Liverpool; 11.45, Commentaries on the Race by Raymond Glendonning; 12.00, The Race by Claude Harrison, as the Winner; 12.15, The Grand National; 12.30, Robert Hayes at the First Prize; 12.45, Michael O'Hair at the Canal Turn; 1.00, The Grand National; 1.15, The Grand National; 1.30, The Grand National; 1.45, The Grand National; 2.00, The Grand National; 2.15, The Grand National; 2.30, The Grand National; 2.45, The Grand National; 3.00, The Grand National; 3.15, The Grand National; 3.30, The Grand National; 3.45, The Grand National; 4.00, The Grand National; 4.15, The Grand National; 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